

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1923.

*BUNN v. MACREADY.*

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY.

THIS legal drama might be staged as a tragedy or a farce according to the taste or fancy of the producer. If you make the high-souled defendant the leading character you would, I think, cut the actual rough and tumble of the fight and leave the description of it to the tragedian in eloquent passages of triumph, shame, and remorse, and the despair of a soul crying out in agony: 'Who shall shut out Fate?'

But to the Tadpoles and Tapers of the Green Room and the clubs the affair was in its day a bubbling farce, made the merrier, as all good farce is, by the herd instinct of cruelty that enables us to laugh our fill over the joyous sight of the indiscretion of respectability and the comic spectacle of a worthy man stooping to vulgar passion and loss of self-control.

William Charles Macready had just that touch of the churchwarden about him in his intercourse with his fellow-men that made the minor fry of the Garrick Club chuckle merrily when he tripped and fell.

That waggish fellow Robert Brough, in a child's play called 'Alfred and the Cakes'—in which in nursery days I have at divers ages played all the characters—winds up the piece with this punning tag:

'And in remembrance of this baking fun  
Henceforth I'll take the name of Alfred Bunn.'

That cherished volume, 'Cracker Bon Bon'—in which anyone with the heart of a child may still enjoy this and many other pleasant plays—should be learnedly edited by some Collier or Furnivall, with notes explaining the quaint allusions to forgotten themes. When Alfred takes the name of Bunn, no doubt the original audiences remembered that the comic combat between King Alfred and Guthrum the Dane was in many ways a replica of the famous

scrap between Bunn and Macready. How many at the present time could tell us anything of Mr. Bunn? Yet in his day he was a notable character and has left behind him a quite readable volume of contemporary stage gossip.

In April 1836 Alfred Bunn was manager of Drury Lane. He was about forty years of age, and had come from Birmingham three years previously to join Elliston as stage manager. All the great actors of the day, Charles Kean, Vandenhoff, W. Farren, and Macready, were engaged by him during his management, and certainly had no reason to complain of the salaries he paid; but for some reason or other, warfare between him and his company was continuous and very acrimonious.

Mr. William Archer shrewdly surmises that Thackeray had Alfred Bunn in his mind's eye when he pictured Mr. Dolphin, the great manager from London, who came down at Major Pendennis's suggestion to carry off the Fotheringay and rescue Pen from her charms. If so, we may think of him as a portly gentleman with a hooked nose and a profusion of curling brown hair and whisker, his coat covered with frog-braidings and velvet, and much bejewelled with splendid rings and pins.

'Bunny,' as his friends called him, was not altogether a bad fellow. Poorly educated, he made no pretence to culture, and he was not over nice in his conduct of theatrical business. As a manager he belonged to the school of Elliston his old master. Both were plungers, ready to back their fancy with the box-office. They supported their ventures with money and advertisement to the utmost limits of purse and propriety. If they drew blanks they did not whine and sweat about their condition, but took off their coats for another tussle.

Bunn was certainly not the squalid ruffian that Macready believed him to be. Planché found the 'Napoleon of the Drama,' as Bunn called himself, a rough, good-humoured personality, and sincerely admired the plucky way he met his reverses. The manager's esteem of and real kindness to Malibran, which extended to her last tragic hours in Manchester, where but for Alfred Bunn she would have been carried to her grave by strangers, are evidences of a kindly disposition, which enables us to forget his common manners. As a host, too, he appeared at better advantage than at rehearsal, when at Eagle Lodge, Brompton, he gave a little supper—over-luxurious perhaps—but pleasantly remembered, in that Thalberg sat down to the piano unasked, and the child genius

Malibran improvised song. But to a man of Macready's temperament, this flamboyant, vulgar fellow was anathema from the first. He had perforce to serve under his management, as there was no other theatre than Drury Lane for his purpose. He had joined him in the season of 1833-4. Then the next winter season Bunn would not have him, and Macready speculated in management on his own at Bristol and Bath and lost a thousand pounds.

In September 1835 he again fixed up a contract with Bunn. It was an advantageous business for the actor, but if it did not fill the theatre it was a crippling affair for the manager. Macready was to have £30 a week, play or no play, for thirty and a half weeks from October 1, without interruption. He had a right to refuse any parts of a melodramatic character, and barred certain parts like Joseph Surface and Rob Roy, in which he was popular. Bunn further agreed to produce Macready's version of 'The Bridal' and pay him full author's fees, and there were the usual emoluments for benefits.

The start was not fortunate. Macready's Shakespearian repertory did not draw. Bunn lost £1548 in the first fortnight. On October 29 Balfe's opera, 'The Siege of Rochelle,' was put up and proved a great success. Macready was left out in the cold and drew his salary for nothing. In November Bunn made up his mind to produce Planché's version of Scribe's 'La Juive' under the title of 'The Jewess.' Macready probably displayed bad judgment in refusing the part of Eleazar in this piece, but he was strictly within his rights under his contract. Vandenhoff made a great success in the part. Macready himself described the play as 'the most gorgeous pageant I have ever seen upon an English stage,' and there is no doubt that Bunn's policy had saved the theatre and the actors from bankruptcy and closed doors.

From this moment the relations between Bunn and Macready were hopeless and impossible. For three months, November, December, and January, Macready never played at all, and Bunn paid him his salary. He was paying £226 a week to actors who never crossed the stage. In three months he had to pay out £3000 to actors who were no use to him. Meanwhile Macready was fretting his heart out at the knowledge that the playgoing world preferred opera and spectacle to tragedy, and attributed the position to the villainy of Bunn rather than the bad taste of the public. These somewhat squalid details are a necessary prologue to the understanding of the legal drama of Bunn and Macready.

In the actor's diaries you may trace with mournful interest this sensitive and noble-minded man spurring himself into anger and hate of the manager to whom he had bound himself with such untoward results. He tries to laugh at Bunn's 'stupid conceit,' but there is no hearty jollity in his laughter; it is rather a sardonic smile at the thought that the course of genius can be thwarted by so mean an obstacle.

But he strives to remember and continue the simple piety with which he had entered on his task, and writes in his diary as he leaves his home at Elstree to go to London to open the season at Drury Lane, his honest and humble prayer: 'that I may receive and deserve success by my care and industry; or if it be the Almighty's will that I should be rebuked by ill fortune I humbly and heartily pray to Him for strength and wisdom to bear it well and to turn it to good.'

How many actors, or indeed how many other men, approach their daily task in so noble a spirit? For a mind so animated failure must be the more heart-rending. And from the beginning of the season things, as we have said, went badly. Macready himself acknowledges that in his first performance of *Macbeth* he was not at his best. The very next day the diarist is cursing the hour that the profession of the stage was suggested to him, and vowing that he would rather eat a crust than earn money at such a trade. A kindly notice in the *Examiner*, deftly quoted by his wife when he returns home for the week-end, dispels the 'agonized bitterness' of his thoughts, but once back in London 'another lie of that scoundrel Hook in the *John Bull*—the disgusting villain!' rouses his indignation and he goes off to the theatre and works it off by giving a splendid performance of *Macbeth*, Talfourd telling him he had 'never seen me finer if indeed I had ever played it so well.'

But although the newspapers are kindly, the box-office receipts do not go up. Bunn wants Macready to play *Othello* and the actor will not, but sticks out for *Iago*. Bunn indulges in a lot of 'gross and blackguard conversation'; the actor is 'very quiet' and refuses to quarrel, and Bunn becomes as 'civil as a dog.' His friends Talfourd, Forster, and others are but too ready to listen to his complaints of the wickedness of Bunn, and condole with him over his wrongs, thereby feeding the fires of his vexation and aggravating the vanity of his depression.

But his better self conquers, and we find him setting down



with resignation that 'there seems a destiny which constantly prevents me from reaching that happy point of success which will give recompense to my labour. Like the Hebrew liberator, I see the promised land but am not permitted to possess it. I do not on that account complain of my fate, or lose my energies in despondency. On the contrary, I resolve that I will not yield to this untoward pressure of circumstances. I will diligently persevere in my work of improvement and endeavour to turn my leisure to rich account, "waiting the event of time" and thankful for what I enjoy.'

Would that this sane and dignified frame of mind had remained with him until the end of the season! But he felt that every action of Bunn's was directed against himself and his interests, and that he was 'whipped and scourg'd with rods, nettled and stung with pismires,' until the Hotspur in him could brook the degradation of it no longer and he boiled over in unseemly violence.

The climax was reached when Philistine Bunn came to the conclusion, purely for box-office reasons and without a thought for the artist's feelings, that he would run a combined show of tragedy and spectacle and opera, and announced for April 16, 1836, 'The Corsair,' with Macready in 'William Tell' as an afterpiece. The actor at first thought of refusing to play and breaking his engagement, but wiser thoughts prevailed and he appeared and was well received. Bunn was not in the least impressed by the self-sacrifice of his acquiescence; and continued to make his further arrangements without any consideration for Macready's personal position as a leading actor.

Bunn himself, in his story of his relations with Macready, acknowledges that although he had no intention of wounding Macready's feelings, 'I never once thought whether it would please or displease him, my object being solely to make out as effective a bill as I could.' This is his excuse for announcing that his leading actor would appear in the first three acts of 'Richard III,' with 'The Jewess' and the first act of 'Chevy Chase.' To ask Macready to play a truncated tragedy in a variety show of this nature was little short of an outrage. 'Here was the climax of this dirty reptile's spite; I laughed out in the street at it.' But again the laugh had no merriment in it; it was rather a cry of bitter indignation.

His friends and fellow-actors express surprise at Bunn's proceedings, but the Garrick Club is divided in opinion, Planché

supporting Bunn's action in the affair. Again Macready thinks much of throwing up his engagement, but again his wiser thoughts prevail, and in a state of real unhappiness and discontent, and in a condition of ill-suppressed anger against what he calls the insane and stupid spite of that 'miserable scoundrel' Bunn, he determines to fill the bill in accordance with the letter of his contract.

What happened on that strange, unhappy night is best told in the words themselves of the two actors in the wretched scene that followed. Macready tells us that he went down to the theatre:

'tetchy and unhappy, but pushed through the part in a sort of desperate way as well as I could. It is not easy to describe the state of pent-up feeling of anger, shame and desperate passion that I endured. As I came off the stage ending the third act of *Richard*, in passing by Bunn's door I opened it and unfortunately he was there. I could not contain myself; I exclaimed: "You damned scoundrel, how dare you use me in this manner?" And going to him as he sat on the other side of the table, I struck him as he rose a back-handed slap across the face. I did not hear what he said, but I dug my fist in him as effectively as I could; he caught hold of me and got at one time the little finger of my left hand in his mouth and bit it. I exclaimed: "You rascal! Would you bite?" He shouted out: "Murder! Murder!" and after some little time several persons came into the room. I was then upon the sofa, the struggle having brought us right round the table.'

Macready was persuaded to go to his room where he was joined by the faithful Forster and some other friends, whilst Bunn's friends looked to the wounds of their damaged chief.

Bunn's account of the affair, which he wrote in his reminiscences some four years later, does not vary greatly from Macready's own confession. There is very small reason to believe that he really intended to ill-treat Macready. He regarded all actors as tiresome, unreasonable fellows, always making difficulties and thwarting his plans, and, as we have seen, ran his show without any consideration for their susceptibilities. He does not seem for a moment to have understood Macready's half-frenzied condition of mind and was quite unprepared for the outburst that followed.

'On Friday, the 29th April, [he tells us,] I was sitting at my desk a few minutes before nine o'clock, and by the light of a lamp so shaded as to reflect on the table but obscure the room generally, I was examining bills and documents previous to their payment

on the following morning, when without the slightest note of preparation my door was opened and after an ejaculation of "There, you villain, take that—and that," I was knocked down, one of my eyes was completely closed up, the ankle of my left leg which I am in the habit of passing round the leg of the chair when writing, violently sprained, my person plentifully soiled with blood, lamp-oil and ink, the table upset, and Richard III holding me down. On my naturally inquiring if he meant to murder me, and he replying in the affirmative, I made a struggle for it, threw him off and got upon my one leg, holding him fast by the collar and finally succeeded in getting him down on the sofa where mutilated as I was, I would have made him remember *me* but for the interposition of the people who had soon filled the room.'

When time was called the evidence seems to show that Bunn was on top, and in spite of his injuries, caused by the sudden nature of the attack, it looks as though as far as things had gone he was winning on points. Bunn always maintained that he had given Macready no provocation, and had probably intended none; and one rather sympathises with the cheery sporting spirit in which he writes about the affair, because as he says in his bombastic way, had he expected the visit he would not have been particularly alarmed, since :

'I was most ready to return a blow,  
And would not brook at all this sort of thing  
In my hot youth when George the Third was King.'

Indeed Bunn with a black eye and a sprained ankle was probably a far more cheerful spirit than the repentant actor lying awake communing with his higher self and condemning his rash and wicked action, and wondering to what end of disaster it may involve not only himself but his dear wife and children. He picks up a volume of Johnson's 'Lives,' which is lying by his bedside. It opens at the account of Savage's unfortunate rencontre with Sinclair. The idea of murder presented itself so painfully and strongly that he threw down the book. Curious that at such a moment fate should open a page for him with the squalid story of Savage's drunken row in Robinson's Coffee House, where he stabbed an unoffending stranger and was tried for his life and condemned to death. Had Macready read to the end he might have been comforted with the news of the reprieve and the comment of Dr. Johnson: 'When all these particulars are rated together perhaps the memory of Savage may not be much sullied by his trial.'

But Macready's night thoughts were haunted by the knowledge that in all probability the morning would bring him a challenge. He had reduced himself to the level with 'this reptile,' and he must not shrink from the consequences. Such was the custom and morality of the age he lived in, that this great and good man had determined not to shrink from the expiation of the duel. This at least he felt 'due to my character and to my children's respect for me.' No wonder that in the still watches of the night he cried out that his thoughts were even as a scorpion to him, and that he prayed for forgiveness.

That Macready suffered deeply for the wrong he had done is clear from the solemn thoughts he sets down in his diary from day to day. The practical Mr. Bunn had no war-like intention of calling Macready out. He satisfied himself with closing the theatre against the actor, and instructing his solicitors to take an action against him for damages. Macready would probably have preferred a duel, but his friends and his wife and children must have been greatly relieved when Bunn's writ was served. Most of the actor's friends stood by him, and Kemble went out of his way to express his indignation at Bunn's misconduct, and the affair was the cause of a reconciliation between the two leading actors. Kemble told Macready that he was glad Bunn had not challenged him, and upon Macready expressing his readiness to have met him if he had received a message, Kemble said: 'If you were challenged of course you must go out; every man must go out when challenged.'

Meanwhile an offer came from Osbaldiston for Covent Garden, which was accepted, and on May 11 Macready appeared in *Macbeth*, the house rising at him on his entrance and cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs for several minutes. At the end of the play he made a short but very dignified speech, in which he expressed his sorrow that 'suffering under accumulated provocations I was betrayed, in a moment of unguarded passion, into an intemperate and imprudent act for which I feel and shall never cease to feel the deepest and most poignant self-reproach and regret.' Talfourd, Forster, Maclise, and all his friends crowded into his dressing-room to testify their delight at his reception, and the night was a complete triumph.

On May 13 he is greatly disturbed by what he calls an attack upon him in *The Times*. When this is looked at one only finds an editorial comment on his indiscretion in speaking from the stage

upon  
that  
comm  
F  
lawy  
The  
treat  
light  
and  
duce  
hims  
mast  
M  
frien  
duce  
ackn  
box.  
is th  
Stan  
true  
who

M  
any  
had  
call  
Lanc  
phra  
hom  
the l  
F  
heav  
It is  
Cour  
coun  
has  
Mac

upon a matter which is *sub judice*, and an expression of opinion that 'nothing can justify such an outrage' as the assault he has committed.

Process being served, Macready begins to be busy with his lawyers. His friend Talfourd was of course retained on his behalf. The actor finds it hard to understand why the barrister should treat this great cause so lightly. He is humiliated by his advocate's light-heartedness. But Talfourd at the moment was a playwright, and full of excitement about 'Ion,' which Macready was to produce for him on May 26. One could hardly expect him to excite himself about an undefended assault action when the fate of his masterpiece was hanging in the balance.

Macready, remembering this, made generous allowance for his friend's want of interest in *Bunn v. Macready*. The play is produced. It is a great success. Wordsworth is there bowing acknowledgements of the cheers of the audience from his private box. After the play there is supper at Talfourd's. Wordsworth is there too, and Landor, Browning, Miss Mitford, Ellen Tree, Stanfield, and others. It is a delightful party. Wordsworth, with true Wordsworthian tact, quotes some lines of his own to Macready, who is sitting next to him and asks approval of this verse:

'Action is transitory—a step—a blow—  
The motion of a muscle—this way or that  
'Tis done; and in the after vacancy  
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed.'

Macready is in his most charming mood. He refuses to see any allusion to the haunting topic. Very likely the old gentleman had never heard of his rival the 'poet Bunn' as *Punch* used to call him. So Macready discourses literature with Wordsworth and Landor and Browning, and proposes Talfourd's health in well-chosen phrases; and after a happy evening he and his dear wife drive home to Elstree, and about two in the morning 'went to bed with the birds singing their morning song on our tired ears. Thank God.'

But next day he is back in the world again. The lawsuit hangs heavily on his mind. There are consultations in the Temple. It is determined to let judgment go by default and allow the Sheriff's Court to assess damages. Talfourd, forgetting the golden rule that counsel should never prophesy results, tells him that Lord Denman has whispered that he expects the jury will give a farthing. Macready is not so hopeful.

On June 29 the case came on at Red Lion Square before Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell and a special jury. Bunn suggests that Macready came to the Court and that his counsel reproved him for the indecency of it, but the diary seems conclusive that this was not so, as he was playing at Birmingham at the time. Kemble, Hartley, Cooke, and others were there, and the little Court was crowded like a first night at the play. At that date neither Macready nor Bunn himself could give evidence, and in fact Macready never heard of the result of his case until he got to Brickhill on his way home from Birmingham the next day.

Frederick Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chelmsford, led for Bunn, and contented himself with calling Algar, the call-boy, to speak to the assault, and several friendly medicals to speak to the injuries Bunn had received. Talfourd made a long speech for the defendant, dwelling as much as he was allowed on the degradations his client had suffered. It was not a great speech, but Talfourd had no instructions to express any regret for his client's action. This was generally regarded as a mistake on Macready's part, but it is clear that to his honest mind it would have been wrong to utter any expression of regret that he did not really feel. All that Talfourd could do was to be-little Bunn, to praise Macready, and persuade the jury to make a mole-hill of Thesiger's mountain. This he did with considerable energy and success, but in the result the jury, after retiring half an hour, found for the plaintiff with damages £150.

Macready, in his outlook on the duty of counsel, reminds us of Mr. Pickwick. He was furious with Thesiger for his speech for Bunn. It was 'gross and scandalous misrepresentation from beginning to end, direct falsehood, most groundless inferences and the basest imputations on my character.' He rushes up to London to see his solicitor and Talfourd. Talfourd is at the Guildhall, but is called out to a coffee-house in the neighbourhood to pacify the indignant actor. Talfourd expresses his distress and speaks soft nothings about professional licence and the rights of an advocate. Macready breathes fire, and is with great difficulty dissuaded from sending Thesiger a challenge. But Talfourd shook his head. Thesiger, he said, would not go out with him and would most probably move the King's Bench against him on a criminal information.

As a matter of fact, Macready had got off very cheaply considering what he had done, and Thesiger's speech, although it



contained exaggerations, was not a very highly coloured statement of what actually happened. Thesiger had used the words 'unmanly, dastardly and cowardly,' for which from Bunn's point of view there was some excuse, but to Macready's highly strung nature these words were 'the mendacious assertions of a fee'd scoundrel.' It was with the greatest difficulty that he was induced to let sleeping dogs lie. For a long time he allowed his mind to dwell upon the details of the trial, and like many another unsuccessful litigant, he grew to believe that his counsel had been half-hearted in his conduct of the cause, and he 'ruminates' unhappily on the feebleness with which his defence was conducted.

Bunn is equally annoyed with Talfourd's speech, and alludes with disgust to his 'series of impertinences which, if he were unprotected by his cloth, he would not utter outside the precincts of Westminster Hall.' Poor Bunn may well have been disappointed with the law, since only a few days afterwards the Court of Exchequer gave judgment against him for £162 in favour of Vandenhoff for arrears of salary, the plaintiff contending successfully that Bunn could not continue the season into the summer months without paying him salary for doing nothing.

The psychology of Macready's attitude in the sad business is curious but instructive. He acknowledged his own wrongdoing to himself and to some extent to his friends. But he could not forgive anyone who saw the affair in its true light. He was angry with men of the world who exaggerated his error, and he was made miserable by friends who were oppressed by the knowledge of his mistake and did not openly minimise it and seek to soothe his self-respect.

He never forgave Bunn for luring him into so grave an indiscretion. The little manager continued, like Black Care, to haunt his saddle through the journey of life. If he met him in the street he notes that the cowardly fellow dare not meet his steadfast gaze. When he walks to his chambers from the theatre with Dow, 'we talked about the trial—Mr. Thesiger—the scoundrel!—Talfourd and the wretch Bunn.' He cannot even speak about Bunn to mere acquaintances without loss of temper, and yet the man himself, his own severest critic, notes all these weaknesses of his own character and ends the record of an angry day: 'O fool! fool! fool!'

Even in 1850, just before he retired from the stage, the name of Bunn aroused him to absurd anger. His wife, who ought to

have known better, writes to him that Mr. Bunn is advertised to appear 'on the stage.' He sends for *The Times* and verifies the announcement, and is indignant that any newspaper should inform the public of 'the opportunity to see such a notorious rascal actually upon the stage!'

The real fact seems to be that in his diaries Macready allowed himself a wide latitude of descriptive phrases that were perhaps the more highly coloured because of the care he took in the world of society to keep his daily conversation pure and unspotted by scandal or ill nature. He let himself go, so to speak, and thus one gets the best and worst of the man. To read Macready's diaries is a really interesting study of human nature when a reasonable discount is allowed for the effervescence of the moods in which many of the pages were written.

And no ordinary reader studying the actor's own analysis of his feelings can fail to arrive at a high estimate of his moral character. It is a severe test that is permitted to those who come after him, but the man emerges from it triumphantly. Read with sympathy and respect his diaries portray a more human and nobler figure than that which is delineated in the memoirs of friendly contemporaries.

The long fight that he makes against his passionate temper is magnificent. The picture of a good man stung to physical violence by long continued petty insults is a poignant drama, and his remorse and humble penitence are as moving as they are worthy of his honest nature. There is nothing unhealthy or unmanly in his repining, and little by little the unhappy incident almost ceases to trouble his mind. He had done a wrong, under great if not intended provocation, and he nobly used the days of his suffering to strengthen his mind and character against ever yielding to a similar temptation, so truly did he understand that :

'Remorse is as the heart in which it grows :  
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews  
Of true repentance.'

## *A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

BY JAMES AYTOUN.

THE soldier, James Aytoun, from whose note-book<sup>1</sup> the following extracts have been taken, was a young man of unusual gifts of interest and discernment. How rarely has the British private, although sent with his regiment to scenes of history and beauty and romance, all the world over, possessed the necessary thought and industry to write down the incidents of his daily life, or to note the natural wonders of the existence about him :—to say nothing of the moving events in which he has played his very splendid part. Perhaps we should not too noisily lament the circumstance ; for it is better to win battles than to babble about them, and he would be a sorry sentinel who, when the enemy was approaching, was spending his thoughts on a painted butterfly or an exciting fossil. Yet, indeed, it is somewhat extraordinary that, of the millions of men in the scarlet jacket who have marched about the earth establishing the Empire, so few have kept an enduring record of what they have seen and done in the intervals of the parade-ground.

For that reason this journal and its writer are remarkable. Aytoun enlisted at Edinburgh Castle into the 58th Regiment of Foot on January 14, 1786. He was then about eighteen years of age, raw from the country, and with little knowledge of the world. 'It was Lt.-Col. Cochrane that Passed me,' he says. 'He Looked at Me Through A Glass.' This recruit, on joining, received one and a half guineas as bounty ; and, as he had plenty of shirts, the Quartermaster-Sergeant bought for him out of that bounty only two more at five shillings apiece, with some good white stockings.

Six months later the regiment left Edinburgh for Ireland. 'It was a warm day and I was overladen—' with six shirts, three pairs of stockings, two of shoes, two of gaiters, two of breeches, an extra waistcoat, a red jacket, and a complete regimental suit besides, with arms, accoutrements, and ammunition. Doubtless a good load for a young soldier ; though a later generation called to the wars has had much the same to carry, with 'gadgets' innumerable added thereto.

<sup>1</sup> Now in the possession of J. H. Aytoun, M.D.

On the march the battalion passed through Glasgow, where the weavers were generous, and filled the men 'drunk as pipers,' in spite of which (let us be charitable!) young Aytoun was taken ill with the fever and ague, and was under the necessity of paying half his poor sixpence a day to an honest Highland lad who was a deserter suffering the custody of the rear-guard. The regiment embarked at Port Patrick for Belfast, and, after a few rests at places here and there, settled for a time at Drogheda, where his record, as quoted in these extracts, begins.

Besides his amusing and enlightening account of his regimental experiences, James Aytoun proved an eager interest in the wild life about him. The major part of his record treats of his experiences in the West Indies, where the regiment was stationed for nearly seven years. He jots down notes and comments on snakes and humming-birds, flying fish, and the other things of vegetable and animal life, commonplace to those islands of tropical wonder. The Slave System he approved, as he happened to find it working in Dominica. In brief, James Aytoun showed himself a man of simple intelligence and of excellent character, and so imparts to his record, written with a crabbed hand in a little book, the personality which is the essence of lasting readableness.—C. E. L.

#### THE JOURNAL.

When in Drogheda we were commanded by a Major Brawen. He was the Junior Field Officer in the Regiment. There were 8 companies in the Regiment and all the 8 companies were commanded by Field Officers and all these Field Officers were continually on leave of absence, except Major Brawen, who, so long as I was in the Regiment, continued in the Command excepting once a year, in the month of June, when Major Horsfall came to Drogheda to command the Regiment. At a review, had the men known as little of their exercises as Major Horsfall, the Regiment would have been drilled by the General's orders; but the soldiers led the officers who depended implicitly on the right or left hand man of the company for direction and the manœuvres were so much in rotation that the men in the ranks knew when one manœuvre took place what was the next.

Here I have to remark a practice at that time in the army, viz. an officer having command of a Regiment contrived to put his sons on the muster rolls as Sergeants, Corporals or privates although not 3 feet high. This accounts for Major Brawen being the only Field Officer who was continually with the Regiment,

because had he been under the immediate command of a Senior Field Officer he could not have had baby Sergeants, Corporals and privates in the muster rolls of the Regiment. He had a large family and I believe nothing to depend on but his and his children's pay. He was something of an eccentric character—a keen disciplinarian.

There was a talk of war with France at that time. I volunteered into the 9th foot and embarked on board the *Peggy* of Whitby. We went on board the transports at the Cove of Cork. I was exactly 2 years and a day a soldier, the day I embarked for the West Indies.

We were cheered in the morning with the crowing of cocks all around us. The regiments occupied 12 or 13 transports, the hens and cocks were as cheerful as if they had been in a farmyard. On this 6 or 7 weeks passage the soldiers were obliged to drink every morning an English pint of sea-water. What the Commanding Officer meant by such a practice I know not. It could not be intended for the good of our health, because neither the officer commanding nor any of his juniors ever drank a drop of salt water. During our run between the Tropics we were diverted by observing millions of Flying Fish. The rushing of the ships through the water alarmed them and they arose out of the water and would fly one hundred yards more or less. They were of all sizes from a herring to a bee. They are when flying of a silver colour. We were a few days in Barbadoes Harbour and were there drafted to different Regiments, the expected war with France not having taken place. I was drafted to the 30th Regiment and sailed from Barbadoes in the *Hope* brig for the Island of Dominica.

I was not highly gratified at meeting 10 sergeants standing on the beach waiting to receive the draft. The sergeants were armed with rattans. We had opportunity enough to see and know and feel for what purpose they carried them. I was a young soldier and took delight in my exercises and duty. We were allowed per day one gill of rum, and I believe during the 3 years I was in the West Indies I never drank more than one gill in 14 days. We were fed like fighting cocks. We had 9 oz. pork per day. We had one lb. of bread in place of a lb. of flour per day. We had a small quantity of pease.

During the time we were in Dominica we were commanded by officers who were very unfit for their trust of commanding 400 men or more. Altho' I write of the many absurdities I have seen, still I am certain a great deal will not be believed. When I joined the Regiment I found in it, with respect to discipline, the most opposite extremes. When Major Tommy Campbell came to Dominica to take the command he had left the Royal Americans

or 60th Foot. He was in dress rather a sloven, but a complete Field Officer at a review or field day. What I am going to mention took place before I joined the Regiment. The Regiment was, in all, very near 7 years in the W. Indies. A short term of the 7 they were in the Island of Jamaica and the remainder in Dominica. It was in Dominica that Major Campbell joined the 30th Regiment and next morning he was walking out, glowering about, with a shabby old laced hat and coat, waistcoat and every part of dress corresponding; and an unlucky soldier who was cook for the day met Major Campbell and very freely asked him if the aqueduct was open. The answer the Major gave him was a good beating with a rattan, which the soldier had not observed before, and when he had tired himself he asked the soldier, 'Who do you think I am?' 'Indeed, Sir,' was the reply, 'I thought you was an old sergeant of the 60th Regiment.'

Our dress was shirting, trousers, shoes, jacket, waistcoat and only a regimental hat. We were at liberty till evening-parade, which was generally a severe one. I have wrung from my shirt more than a gill of sweat. It may be asked how the soldier that got the beating did not resist the Major, but it is to be accounted for as follows: all Sergeants and Corporals were ordered to carry a rattan and, with or without provocation, were in the practice of thrashing the privates at their pleasure. No wonder the Yankees drove such ill-treated men, who were beaten by a parcel of raw militia. No wonder that so many of our men deserted to the enemy. The practice of beating was so great that no man who went to drill or parade or field day was sure of returning to the barracks without a smart beating, and it was so common they laughed at one another but never considered it a disgrace. I was in the ranks one morning at exercise. On such occasions the Adjutant was the only officer present. The other officers were most shamefully indulged with too much absence both from exercise, field days and parades. The consequence was that they knew nothing of their duty in the ranks and were on occasion of a General Review or 2 or 3 firing days before the review led by the covering sergeant or flankman of the company or division. I observed above that the Adjutant commanded and at that time the manual exercise and platoon firings were all done by only one word of command, and one motion followed another with such rapidity that the Fugleman, who stood with his back to us, frequently had 3 or 4 motions to do after the Regiment was done. On the day I have hinted at, the Regiment was repeatedly stopped in the middle or some part of the Manual, and the stop was ordered when the Adjutant observed any of the men make a wrong motion or miss one, which among 3 or 400 men was almost unavoidable. I have been in the ranks



on such occasion and have begun the manual and platoon exercises 20 times, and the man who was so unlucky as to cause the exercise to be stopped was sure to receive a severe beating.

The custom in the Regiment at that time was for the sergeants (whenever the ranks were dressed) to quit their places in the ranks and fall into the rear of the company they belonged to, and whenever they had taken their places as a 3rd rank, the word of command was—'Sergeants, draw your canes,' that is the rattans already mentioned. The cane or rattan was hung by a loop to the 3rd button from the bottom of the facing of the left hand forepart of the regimental coat. The canes were never drawn to be idle. I at that time belonged to the Light Company which was of course the Left Company of the Regiment. The Left Battalion commander was Capt. Sitherwait, or Sutherwaith. He was a paper captain. I never saw him. He was Factor for Lord Lowther. No wonder the Yankees beat our men who were commanded by absentees or fellows who never lost sight of the smoke of their mothers' fire. Such was the miserable condition of the British Army in the year 1788-89 and afterwards, and previous to that period during the 7 years war. No wonder our armies were taken prisoners. No wonder our gallant generals, our hardy determined ill-used soldiers, were beaten when scarce a subaltern knew or did his duty.

I knew a woman, she was the mess-sergeant's wife. She was what might be called a Rattlescull. She happened one day to be passing by the Major's quarters. He was looking out of the window almost over her head. At the same time a party of prisoners were passing to sweep the barrack square. She said, pretty loud, 'Shoulder your brooms.' The Major roared out 'Drum Major! the drum and fifes!' Whenever she heard the shout she set off at a trot and never stopped till she got to Roseau, and the drummers after her at a canter beating the W—e's March. She was not allowed to return to the Regiment for 8 or 9 months.

It was not uncommon to see 13 men punished, that is flogged, in a morning, and the total number of prisoners often amounted to 40—what caused such a number was because no flogged prisoner ever went to hospital nor was released until his back was well. He was then sent to his duty. The Guard House was so small that the prisoners filled it completely and excepting a table and 2 seats for the sergeant and corporal none other of the Guard were ever in the Guard House. I have often in wet weather been glad to take shelter under a cannon or gun shade.

At that time a Capt.-Lieut. had charge of the General's company. He was the worst man of an officer I ever knew. Had the other officers of the Regiment been as bloody in disposition as he was,

the Regiment would have been in a serious state of mutiny. He did not for some months deliver to the Regiment that part of their provisions called small rations, viz. pease, rice and butter which was what we greatly depended on for vegetables, coffee, etc.; and the tyrannical manner of holding courts-martial 6 days in the week and frequently 2 courts-martial and thrice punishment in a day, provoked the men to a state of almost desperation; and the officers held him in contempt because, finding he was determined on punishment for every trifle, they never sentenced a man, unless for a very bad crime, more than 25 lashes. I in one instance saw Capt. Marshall order three drummers to give one man 25 lashes, that was 2 drummers give 8 lashes each and the third to give 9 making up 25. He observed at the time '25 lashes is soon switched and over.' This was said in disapprobation of the sentence of the Court-Martial because he considered the sentence too lenient, but he could not help himself. When news came from the cabin that Captain Marshall was dead, Hugh Herron came down betwixt decks and exclaimed, 'Captain M's gone, gone to the devil (exultingly) with a keg of rum under one arm and a keg of buttons under the other.' The allusion to the rum and buttons was because he paid the Regiment a penny a day for 8 days' rum and charged each man 2d., and for tenpence he furnished them with one lb. of beef fresh but sorry.

The small firefly is common in Dominica, but there is a larger sort about the size of the hive drones. The small sort show their light when flying with, what may be called, a blink of light and then dark alternately; but the large fly shows a constant light flying or not. When not flying the light they show is from a spot on the shoulder about the diameter of a peppercorn. It appears in daylight of a whitish colour and of the appearance of fine hair; but in the night it has a brilliant fierce light more red than a farthing candle. If I recollect right its wings are covered with something like the wings of the common beetle. The light they show when at rest is not equal to the light they show when on the wing—when on the wing a light across the under part of the body opens and shows a great deal of light—in proportion as much as six is to one against the light on their shoulders which, as observed above, is permanent, the light proceeding from the under part of the body being immediately closed when the fly is at rest. It was with the soldiers in our 30th Regiment a custom to put some of the large flies into a vial bottle and hang the bottle on a nail by the side of their hammock and hang their watch beside the vial containing the flies, so that whatever time they awoke they could see by the light of the flies the hour and minute. I have to observe that I

read in my hammock during the night Smollett's translation of 'Don Quixote,' from the beginning to end, by the aforesaid flies, 3 of them tied together.

We had a sergeant named Barham a most accommodating fellow; he was drill-sergeant for no other reason that I know of unless it was making a bluster on parade, telling tales to the Adjutant and thrashing the soldiers in the absences of the sergeant-major. Barham exercised the Grand Squad, as it was called, which consisted of men who knew their exercises better than either Adjutant, Major or Drill-Sergeant. Sergeant Barham was very affable with the men of the Drill Squad when not under the notice of Adjutant Russell. He would chat and laugh and joke with the men when standing at the order; but the moment he saw the Adjutant make his appearance he was on the alert. 'Lads, you know I must do my duty, I cannot help it.' This was a preface and an apology for what was to follow. What followed was the word 'Shoulder,' and, well done or not, he caned the men from right to left indiscriminately and when the Adjutant went to his lodgings the order was the word, 'Stand at ease,' and Sergeant Barham repeated his apology and was as affable as ever.

Soldier funerals in Dominica were conducted sometimes in a most disgraceful manner. We had no regimental hospital, we had what was called a convalescent hospital. We rarely ever buried any men out of the convalescent hospital. The General Hospital, as it was called, was close by a small village called New Town, chiefly inhabited by free blacks and mulattoes and a few whites, who were retired managers or planters, or Creoles of all grades, and some European mechanics, tailors, smiths and shoe-makers, etc. The hospital was in a low situation about 200 yards from the sea. When a soldier died in that hospital a notice was sent to the Regiment—the distance was not more than a mile from the barracks—the burying ground and church was about midway between the barracks and the General Hospital. It was the practice in the Regiment to bury the men as alluded to already. There was kept at the Hospital a coffin, it was called the orderly coffin because, when a man was to be buried, he was placed in the orderly coffin and a party of eight men and a sergeant or corporal, all of them dressed in what was called 'fatigue dress,' marched to the General Hospital. No arms, No humbug ceremony of marching to the grave with arms reversed, and no ridiculous prank; but the son of his mother was tumbled into the grave which had been previously dug by his comrades, and the coffin was carried back to the hospital. This was before I joined the Regiment.

But sometime before I joined the 30th Regiment, there was a

party of that company, at that time Captain Wilkinson's—the same I was in afterwards—the above-said party of eight and a sergeant, or corporal, when on their way from the hospital to the grave, in passing New Town, made a halt and mugged themselves with rum and water and staggered to the grave. It is to be observed that no priest, parson, or minister attended a soldier's funeral—none of that most solemn, pathetic church service 'I heard a Voice saying, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' Men were buried sans ceremony. I said the funeral party staggered to the grave; but the grog they had drunk and being vexed at the brutal way of committing their comrades to the grave without a coffin prompted them to bury the coffin with the corpse, and the men had the approbation of the Regiment, who immediately subscribed more than paid for the orderly coffin; and ever after that event the men of the company buried their comrades by subscription.

I have to observe that no man, or at least very few that died in Dominica, was out of debt in the company's books. The men's account was never settled nor arrears paid off more than once in 6 months and frequently on a longer period. It was always observed that a careful soldier was severely watched by the Adjutant and pay sergeants more so than a prodigal, because the prodigal took from the pay-sergeant shirts, shoes, etc., at an extravagant price and sold the same for less than half their value. In so doing they were rarely out of debt to the pay sergeant. Officers of company seldom gave themselves any concern about their company's accounts. The pay sergeants were heirs at law, and, as already observed, most men when dead were in debt in the company's books—it was very easy making a dead man 'debtor to balance.' The company at first used to subscribe for their comrades' coffins. The officers scarcely ever paid attention to the men's accounts.

When a soldier was flogged he was sent back to barracks guard-house, and was attended by none but the men who had been already flogged or expected to be flogged. One man was sent daily into the country to bring a supply of plantain leaves to lay to the punished man's back, which answered the same purpose for healing as cabbage leaves or blades does in this country. There was room on the guard bed for about 20 men; the consequence was the remainder of the prisoners lay under the guard bed on the ground. I think they had their blankets with them. It was a rule that a punished soldier was to lie on the guard bed instead of under it, so that I have seen punished men happy that they had a right to a place on the guard bed instead of lying under it.

As a proof of the absurd manner of officers in command in the Regiment at that time, the Regiment had not received their clothing

regul  
consi  
coat  
ceite  
the M  
the t  
and  
soon  
Dick  
Tom  
yes c  
purp  
M. C  
fresh  
exer  
it w  
I fin  
comp  
Dick  
fami  
coat  
I  
The  
his r  
ploy  
Majo  
coat  
that  
the  
whom  
Serg  
for s  
wear  
not  
orde  
6 or  
I  
of t  
amo  
thei  
mar  
arm  
He  
and

regularly for several years. The M[aste]r Tailor, not having for a considerable time been at duty nor parades, had his regimental coat in better preservation than most men in the ranks. A conceited little fellow whose name was Charles Kelly took a fancy to the Master Tailor's coat, and they being both of a size Kelly offered the tailor a dollar to exchange coats. The offer was accepted and Kelly sported his fine fresh coat, which Major Campbell no sooner observed at the first field day than he bawled out, 'You Dicky Lowe (which was the tailor's name), what are you about?'—Tommy Campbell mistaking Kelly for Lowe, without shill or shall, yes or no, went up to Kelly and put his cane in practice to some purpose. Now Kelly had done nothing worthy of a beating, but M. C. beat the man in a mistake because he was inside a coat more fresh coloured than any other at that time in the ranks. After exercise was over Kelly, who had by this time been convinced that it was not safe to be in a good coat, said to Dicky Lowe, 'Man, I find the coat tight between the shoulders,' and he had several complaints and faults and wished to change back again; but Dicky Lowe answered, 'Your coat and the Major's cane have got familiar and I am in no fancy to be inside a good coat when the coat gets a drubbing.'

I will give another instance of Tommy Campbell's whims. The Sergeant Barham I have already mentioned took a notion that his regimental coat would look better by being turned, so he employed a tailor to rip, clean and turn the coat; but as soon as Major Tommy Campbell saw Sergeant Barham in a fresher-coloured coat than the rest of the Regiment he bawled out (it is to be observed that shouting, bawling and roaring was at that time the order of the day, week, month and years) 'You, Sergeant Barham, by whose orders, sirra, did you get your coat turned?' Now the Sergeant got his coat turned through a mistake. Major Campbell for some whim had ordered Sergeant Barham to turn his coat and wear the wrong side out which is intended as disgrace. Barham, not understanding, or not choosing to understand, the Major's orders, had got his coat decently turned; but was glad to employ 6 or 7 tailors to turn the worst side out again.

Major Campbell was at one time very much irritated on account of the Regiment not having received their clothing regularly, so among a great many of his whims he ordered the men not to mind their regimental coats being out at elbows and armpits. He marched the Regiment to the front of the Governor's House without arms or accoutrements, halted, fronted and dressed them there. He said, 'The Governor may come and look at you if he pleases,' and in a few minutes he marched them back to the barracks.

Our Major Tommy Campbell had taken an ill-will at the

company, or perhaps at the captain who ought to have been with the Regiment. The way Major Campbell showed his disrespect for that company was by stopping the company's allowances of rum for months, and for a long time Sergeant McPherson carried a gill measure to the quartermaster's store and received one gill for the company. It was of course for himself.

[The Regiment returned home.]

Now we are in Hilsa barracks we are paid by the richest power in Europe a bonny 5d. a day, the other penny being called stoppages or arrears for the purpose of supplying us with shirts, shoes, stockings, etc., etc. As I have already said we were fed in good running order or rather good hunting order because we were always hungry or half-starved. Our pay being as above we were supplied by Quarter-Master Craig with beef at about 3½d a lb., and when it was boiled it was as dry as chestnut and as brown. We were obliged to make our salt wet with soup or water that it might adhere to the nut-brown beef, and our bread was in competition with the beef for colour and quality. One man chanced to be in Portsmouth and understood that a first-rate bullock's head could always be purchased for 2s. and the heads being a perquisite to I don't know who, and the Light Company who, altho' the left and last company still they are almost always the first where mischief or broken heads are served out by way of a favor from the enemy—accordingly the Light Company, like Luther and the redoutable John Knox, effected a reform in the Regiment with respect to the supply of beef; so some of our half-starved Light Bobs prevailed on the pay-sergeant to advance them money. Having obtained a pass they went to the victualling office and purchased bullocks' heads at the above price and the meat was rich and less than half the price of Quarter-Master Craig's contracted carrion. The consequence was as our company had supplied themselves that they refused the contract beef I called carrion, which it was in every sense of the word except 'old killed.' The next step was for the quarter-master to send for the pay-sergeant of the company and he was made prisoner and tried by court-martial because the men bought provisions better and cheaper than those Quarter-Master Craig supplied them with.

I know not at what time the practice took place, but I consider it was cruel to oblige people who kept ale-houses to board and bed soldiers for threepence or fourpence per day and the soldier could claim three hot fresh meat meals every day. The consequence was that scarce a regiment was on the march but in every town one or more public-houses shut up or failed. It is not so at this period (1829), and the quantity of beer was 4 quarts English measure. It was common for the men to get breakfast and dinner and pay



nothing, and receive a glass of English gin or a mutchkin of ale in place of a supper. I was one of 180 soldiers billeted at the White Swan Inn in a town called Alton not twice as large as Haddington.

When in Ireland I was remarkably sober. When I received my wages I was in the practice of laying up the gold but always spent the silver, etc., with my comrades and messmates. This was my custom in Ireland and sometimes in Dominica, and when we were nearly leaving Dominica I had realased [realised] in all £30.10.8, and it being mostly all silver was both bulky and weighty and being ignorant of money business I asked Lieutenant Tomlinson to be so good as to keep it for me. He consented to do so with the provision that I was not to be paid till the expiry of eight months after landing in England; and as already observed we embarked on board Admiral Colpoys' squadron and when on board we sailed for Gibraltar, where we joined Lord Hood's fleet and cruised a considerable time on the French and Genoa coast. We were some time on that station and got a bit of a brush in the Gulf of Lyons by a gale. I should have observed that trusting to Lieutenant Tomlinson I was disappointed in regard to the promised payment. When I found that I could not receive my money from him in Liverpool, although I had dunned him a hundred times, I was obliged to be quiet because by this time—1792-3—he had managed to raise a company and was in consequence promoted to be Light Infantry captain, of which as a private I was one.

We were joined by the Spanish Fleet and I believe were in all more than 40 sail of the line, besides frigates, sloops and tenders. We cruised on the coasts of Genoa and France till August 28, and then stood in to a landing place a considerable distance from Toulon. We were on boats embarked on the *Robust*, at that time commanded by Commodore Elfrington, and the *Robust* pushed into the shore as the pilot advised. We were landed in boats without interruption. We marched through vinefields and the grapes were ripe and French girls brought us as we passed along bunches of fine black grapes which was new to British soldiers.

I have sat on the breast works in Mount Bruce and read a small edition of small print by moonlight of Shakespeare's plays.

A sickly-looking soldier somehow when in the ranks did not please Adjutant Russell who gave the man as good beating as Paddy gave the drum. The man made application to a town medical man. It ended by the soldiers getting his discharge and the adjutant paid him 40 guineas to have the matter hushed up. This was a sore stroke to the usual tyranny but another plan was fallen on, viz., that any man who messed or bungled a motion at drill or parades or exercise or field-days was put prisoner

and tried by court-martial and flogged for what a man would be at present only drilled at most.

I believe the Duke of York, who was then commanding in chief, contributed greatly to the stop of the tyrannical practice of caning; but the French Revolution gave the death blow to caning because the officers found that the men they were in the practice of beating were to be their only defenders. So it was farewell to beating and a considerable scarcity of flogging on ship-board also; but soldiers must be tried by a court-martial before being punished and the evidence for and against must be sworn. So must the officers composing the court be sworn, and if the soldier appeals to the decision of a general court-martial I believe the officer commanding dare not refuse to transmit the appeal to the proper authorities, but of this I am not certain. But sailors and marines were brought to the grating without knowing what their crime was, and received 12 or more lashes on the shoulders with a cat-o'-nine-tails composed of strong whipcord and plenty knots on the end of each cord. I believe there are nine cords all separate from each other. I have seen a soldier receive 900 lashes, but I believe half that number would kill the strongest man in the fleet with the ship's cats.

THE  
blue  
the  
left  
The  
daff  
delf  
the  
over  
a th  
out  
post  
well  
mus  
whe  
in J  
hair  
look  
som  
wha  
was  
to s  
pers  
was  
in h  
love  
disa

### THE MUDDY VESTURE.

'Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.'

*Merchant of Venice.*

THE breakfast table was ready for the master. Daffodils in a blue bowl spoke of the spring, but Spring herself laughed through the open window, peeped through the blossoming almond tree and left her kisses with the wallflowers in the little suburban garden. The breakfast table was demure, orderly in spite of spring and the daffodils. A kindly foreign-looking coffee pot stood beside the delft cup, the marmalade jar which was Cantagalli waited beside the toast rack, and the chafing dish, lord of them all, kept guard over the bacon.

By the master's plate lay two circulars, a black-edged letter, a thin long envelope addressed in the writing of those who send out bills, and a square parchment envelope bearing the Alnwick post-mark.

At nine o'clock the master came in. He had a well-bathed, well-shaven air, but Spring, if she still peeped through the window, must have turned away at once and danced off to the next house where there was a perambulator in the garden. Spring saw nothing in Horace Gilchrist that could induce her to linger. His grey hair was making an orderly retreat from the top of his head. He looked at the world through double-sighted pince-nez that seemed sometimes to magnify his eyes to an almost horrified wonder at what he saw, at other times to give him a shining benignity. He was tall but loose-limbed, 'a straggly sort of man,' said his friends.

He had many friends of the second degree, people who liked to say that they knew Horace Gilchrist, the author of 'those nice personal sort of books.' He was useful at dinner parties, for he was always kindly and polite. For a lion, and he really was a lion in his way, his roaring was dove-like.

But the young women and the matrons and the old ladies who loved his books and collected them, rarely failed to express their disappointment when the lion was out of hearing.

'Oh! he isn't *one bit* what I expected. Somehow he's quite

different from his books. I don't think I'll like them quite so much now that I've seen him.'

Gilchrist knew at once that his readers were disappointed. Of course they were. When we read gay gallant words about life, humorous accounts of its adventures, deep thoughts about the spirit of man, we naturally expect that the writer will himself look gay and gallant. Those who write beautiful books ought, quite obviously, to be beautiful themselves. A man who exalts our spirits by his printed words should likewise satisfy our eyes by the plenitude of his hair, the classical rectitude of his features, and the dark decision of his eyebrows. Gilchrist knew that in spite of his really excellent selling capacity he was something of a failure. His friends, those friends of the second degree, somehow let him see it. Of course they welcomed him. Anyone who had a sick dog consulted him; and ladies who were claiming rebate on their income-tax and wanted advice remembered him and asked him to tea. There were many men who really liked him, but he was a poor sportsman and he knew it with shame. Diffidence and bad sight ruined his tennis and made his golf a poor affair at best. Yet, in spite of that, men liked him. He was a fisherman and every year he went to the Cotswolds and fished the streams about Andoversford and Frogmill. Perhaps he liked the sunny Cotswold fields, the little stone houses, the purple attire of the Greater Cranesbill in its glory against the grey stone walls; perhaps he liked these things even better than the fish he caught. He would not shoot. He could not, in his odd way, imagine anything but self-disgust in the sudden destruction of the beautiful living mechanism of stag or pheasant or hare. The live thing was lovely to him, the dead one simply repellent in its limp, bloody decease. But for this sensitive whim he blamed himself. And even while his publisher's advertisements proclaimed his success he thought of himself as a failure. He had passed fifty and he was a failure.

He looked round the orderly little dining-room. Once it had known his mother. But no other woman had made her presence felt there in either beauty or ugliness. The staid little suburban house had been his home for twenty-five years, but it had no traditions, no tender memories except of the mother who used to sit in the window and knit.

Two women had refused to marry him, refused in a kindly, sisterly sort of way that might have taken the sting out of the rejection, but that in fact left him too much discouraged ever to try again. His was 'not that sort.'

He looked at the illustrations in popular magazines and realised that other chins and other jaws than his were the fashion. No! that gay normal magazine world had no welcome for him.

Thoughts like these came to him as he poured out his coffee and helped himself to bacon. He glanced at the paper, but the world was still upside down and the Irish were still ruining their own country. And, after all, the tottering of civilisation does not upset the coffee cups of the safe and orderly. Every man's life is his own world. The fall of dynasties is less important to him than his golf handicap.

Gilchrist put down the paper and picked up the square envelope. He slit it delicately with a knife. Then he leaned back in his chair and read it.

He looked up with a smile and for the first time he noticed the daffodils and beyond the open window the blossoming almond, so exquisite against the sky.

'Have you realised,' asked the writer, 'that spring is here? Our northern winter is so long, our east winds are so bitter that spring comes later to us; but the thorns are in blossom, the crocuses in my garden laugh at me every time I go out to look at them; the hepaticas are flowering in their own corner. I have a mind to send you a box of my flowers just for greeting. But why should I? You see them all. Yesterday you walked with me through the town, our dear old grey town. You would stop to look at the Castle, "the most beautiful Castle in the world" you called it. I could hardly drag you away to walk down the hill and across the bridge where the old Percy lion stands, his tail as stiff as a pointer's, ready to lash it if he smells a Scot.

'And we stood, you and I, to look up and down the AIn, the river of my heart. The dogwood is vivid red and the willows are a light vandyke brown. Spring is here, but she's hiding in the undergrowth. Then we walked through the meadows by the river that you might see the Castle in its sunny afternoon mood. It has more moods than any lady in the land, but they are all beautiful, which few ladies can say of their moods. And I brought you to the little copse where soon the anemones will hang their lovely heads.

'It was a long walk, but you are a good walker, I know. You found you couldn't tire me. I brought you to Peter's Mill and we wondered who Peter was, and if he still haunts the stepping stones, and you said he was fat and jolly and wore a white

waistcoat and a white hat, and had a warm heart for all the lovers that walk to his mill on Sunday afternoon. And I agreed.

'We talked a lot; not very deep talk, but just careless, pleasant, sunny talk, like some of your essays, "Spring Morning" and "Strolling." Of course Waggles was with us. It's his favourite walk, for he, like Bacon, admires "Dampishnesse" in a garden, and as I have no pond he loves the river walk and the water-hens that explode and cackle under his blunt brown nose.

'You came back to tea with me! I'd made a seed cake in the morning. You said you loved seed cake, but still you gave several bits to Waggles to balance on his nose. Then you said you had proofs to correct and away you went. I stood at my door to watch you go. And I called good-bye as I do now.

'Yours,

'RICHENDA FORSTER.'

Horace Gilchrist laid the letter down and gazed abstractedly through the upper part of his eye-glasses. He was creating a vision of the writer of the letter, the unknown, the beloved, his 'lady of the north' as he called her. For fifty years had not robbed him of that sentimentalism which sold his books in thousands to the sentimental British public.

For two years she had been writing to him and he to her. The correspondence had begun with one of those letters from a grateful reader (re-addressed by a publisher's clerk) that bring pleasure or dismay to most authors. Gilchrist received hundreds of them, for his books were personal, sympathetic and full of that self-analysis which draws excited cries from the reader, 'Yes, that is how I feel! How do you know that is what I think? How true you are, how well you know human nature!'

Gilchrist replied punctiliously to all his letters, but the warmest, kindest answer was addressed to Miss Richenda Forster, Cheviot Cottage, Alnwick. And when she wrote again he was glad and answered her on two sheets of grey paper, moreover he kept her letters in a box labelled 'Miss Richenda Forster.' Perhaps he liked her rare old English name, or perhaps it was her writing, or more likely it was the intimacy, gay, childlike, trustful, of her letters.

The correspondence continued; it grew. The letters came once a fortnight, then once a week. The days between were dull to Gilchrist. His thoughts wrote pages to her when he should have been cudgelling his brains for more self-revelations to sell



to his readers at seven-and-sixpence a volume. Her opinion of his essays became supremely important to him. He inquired the day of her birth and sent her the complete edition of his works. He asked her for a photograph and she sent him a minute snapshot of an almost invisible lady in a garden with a spaniel in the foreground. Even a magnifying glass did not enlighten him. Mystery was her charm. She was his *Inconnue*. Gilchrist had read the *Lettres à l'Inconnue* and had yearned to find so faithful a correspondent. Now he had her, a sort of fairy lady, gay, alluring, but always invisible. He had made a picture of her in his mind. It was necessary to write to a person he could see, so he had clothed his dream lady in the flesh. She had told him with lovable frankness that she was only just on the hither side of fifty. She too had lived her life, and she too had realised the truth of another writer: 'all my life has been leading up to something that has never happened.' She was lost, as Gilchrist was, in the wood of the world. But now they had joined hands and they could laugh and cry together, could make fun of the darkness, the loneliness of the way. It was strange, he thought, how clear her image had grown to him; the tall, slight woman, plainly, even a little shabbily dressed, for she was poor, did she not make jumpers to increase her small income? Her hair was grey now, wavy silver hair that she brushed back from a wide forehead to the knot of darker hair at her neck. And she had laughing blue eyes and level brows that she would knit when deep in thought. There would be wrinkles of course, crowsfeet about her eyes because they smiled so often, and a little wrinkle of laughter at her mouth.

Always when she wrote to him he saw her like this, and saw too the cottage where she lived and the open glass door into her little garden. He had suggested going to see her but she had forbidden it almost fiercely and he had been content with the dream friendship, for dreams had been kinder to him than had reality, that severe schoolmistress. His elusive lady could not be more real to him, he thought, for she came to him in the spirit. The merry, charming spirit had no hindrances, none of the curious shyness that seems to belong to the flesh. And yet he longed to see her. How gracefully she would do the little daily things of life, pouring out the tea, dusting her china, watering her flowers. He wished that he might see her once.

Then something recalled his mind to the black-edged envelope that he had not opened, and he looked at it. It contained news

of the death of an old uncle who lived at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He had gone there to be with a married daughter and there he had died and would be buried. Gilchrist remembered the old man kindly. He would honour his memory by going to his funeral in the far Northumbrian town. When he was there he would be in the same county as his beloved. She had spoken of journeys to Newcastle. The resolution roused him to sudden action and he went out of the room to pack his bag.

The funeral was over. There was a chastened cheerfulness in the air. An old man full of years and honour had been laid to rest in the sunny cemetery, and the Church of his country had received him and buried him with that splendid dignity of hope that she accords to saint and sinner in this last earthly act.

The blinds were up and Gilchrist was talking in a subdued voice to his cousin. He was asking, almost to his own surprise, about the trains for Alnwick. Yes, there was a train that would leave him there in the early afternoon. Had he friends there? His voice replied in spite of himself that he had a friend he thought of looking up. So in a moment he was launched on the great adventure. He felt himself thrill with a slightly apprehensive excitement. Is it wise to pursue mystery to her secret place? Is achievement the fair reward of pursuit? He wondered, but yet he risked the quest.

Even as he took his ticket he doubted his venture a little. But the day was one of those reckless spring days when romance quickens the feeblest pulses. He had always been cautious. This time he determined to be rash. He was too much excited to read his paper. All his attention was given to the passing Northumbrian country, dull at first, then growing more beautiful, more wild as it drew nearer to the Borderland. Here was Alnmouth, that sandy, wind-blown pleasure town; he was drawing near the end of his journey. Then Alnwick took his eyes and ears, and he was down upon the platform, wondering if he should leave his bag in the cloak-room or take it to an hotel, for he intended to stay the night. Finally, the bag went to the cloak-room and he took his way unburdened. A porter directed him towards the road he named. It did not lie near the castle but towards the newer part of the old, grey town.

He was disappointed by the dull little streets he passed, but at last he reached a suburban road with the name he sought. It was

not  
mee  
sho  
sure  
Dia  
for  
hou  
Sutt  
his  
An  
peer  
of h  
C  
stoo  
was  
of bl  
H  
maid  
'  
'  
H  
affair  
'  
bewil  
Alad  
surro  
Th  
He lik  
card t  
for in  
a drea  
that o  
place  
own n  
the st  
Bu  
quickl  
and a  
flushed  
kind e  
looked

not as he had seen it in dreams, but still it was her road and he might meet her now at any moment. He had no doubt at all that he should know her. That electrical current of friendship would surely make itself felt if they met. He had imagined her as a Diana of the Uplands, with thirty years added to her youth, and for such a woman he looked eagerly as he passed the staid little houses with their pompous names,—‘Avallon,’ ‘Kia Ora,’ ‘Cintra,’ Sutton Lodge. But he saw no one of the graceful slenderness of his Lady of the North. He was absurdly thrilled by excitement. An elderly gentleman in large double-sighted eyeglasses that peered or beamed at passers-by! Who could have suspected him of having reached the inner sanctuary of romance?

Cheviot Cottage! He was there at last. The garden gate stood open, the crocuses seemed to laugh up at him. A mezzereon was in full, purple bloom and the prunus was scattering largess of blossom on the grass.

He rang the bell. He was a little breathless when a small maid came to the door.

‘Miss Forster?’ he asked.

‘Yes, sir. Will you come this way?’

He followed her to the drawing-room, feeling that the whole affair was a dream.

‘Will you say Mr. Gilchrist is here,’ he told the rather bewildered maiden. She disappeared. He was alone. Like Aladdin in the magic cave, so did Mr. Gilchrist survey his surroundings.

The grey walls and the old prints were pleasing to his eyes. He liked the shelves of books, the copper, the old china, the Sheraton card table and chairs, the Dutch clock. But still he was bewildered, for in his mind he had seen it differently. He compared it with a dream room and found it wanting. There was the glass door that opened into the garden, but the garden was an ordinary little place after all. The romance of it had been woven out of her own mind. He felt as disillusioned as a child who walks across the stage and sees the trickery of the theatre.

But the door had opened behind him and he turned round quickly. A short, middle-aged woman, in a brown coat and skirt and a plain brown hat, stood before him. Her round cheeks were flushed with the rather hard colour of maturity. Her brown eyes, kind eyes they were, had lost the soft radiance of girlhood. She looked at him with a question on her lips.

'I'm sorry, I don't think my maid heard your name properly. She said Mr. Gilliland.'

He looked at her, his eyes magnified and amazed by his partitioned glasses.

'Gilchrist,' he explained, 'Horace Gilchrist. I came to see Miss Richenda Forster. Is she at home?'

They stood and stared at each other.

'Yes, I'm Richenda Forster,' said the short lady.

Then he roused himself. Convention is the social angel who, of all the angelic force, is the strongest to save us from the savage rudeness of our own hearts. His Lady of the North was slain. Worse, she had never lived. She was a lovely ghost who had been laid for ever by this stubby, kindly little person in brown. Yet he clung desperately to his manners. He forced a smile.

'Then we meet at last,' he said, and held out his hand.

But Miss Richenda failed. The wings of the angel Convention could not hide her stricken face.

'Oh!' she cried, 'why did you come? You've spoiled everything.'

'Nonsense! I've come to realise a dream, and you must help me. I've looked at your garden already, seen the crocuses; and come! Surely there's some of that seed cake left that I enjoyed so much the other day?'

She clasped her hands sorrowfully.

'Oh! it's stale, but you shall have it,' she answered and lifted shy, questioning eyes to his. What she sought she did not find, but she met a polite smile, and with a desperate effort she clutched Convention's outstretched hand and met the occasion.

They talked together by the tea-table in set little questions and answers. He exhorted himself desperately to see in her—not a miserable disillusion, but a pleasant little stranger. She was really very pleasant he found; intelligent, humorous, sympathetic.

'You are staying the night?' she asked.

He had meant to stay, foreseeing an enchanted firelit evening with his unknown lady. But now his only idea was instant flight. He pleaded the necessity of immediate return to London. He had proofs to correct. The excuse was thin and he knew it.

'But you must show me your magic castle, and the Percy Lion and the Aln—and what about Peter's Mill?'

She shrank from the idea.

'No, not all those places. They might disappoint you. We'll

just walk to the Castle gate and you shall see Hotspur Tower. There won't be time for much before your train.'

When they walked through the town he tried to keep his mind on the historical facts that she related to him, but a saying of his Irish housekeeper's would steal into his mind: 'She was a little butt of a woman, so she was.' And the little butt of a woman had slain his visionary lady.

He knew that the letters of his *inconnue* could never be the same to him again. And inwardly he cried out against the irony of Fate that clothes our gracious spirits in forms that are too often uncouth or unwieldy. Why, he asked, may not spirit express itself in worthy form and colour? Why these grotesque misfits of mind and body? He had no doubt that his companion was charming, poetic, all that her letters had revealed, yet he could only see the stunted figure, the lined face, the tired eyes. And in spite of himself, his voice and his eyes betrayed him. They were unresponsive, a little hard and cold. At their heels trotted Waggles. He, poor dog, had lost the literary grace that he wore so pleasantly in her letters. Reality revealed him as a stout, elderly spaniel with tearful, staring eyes. Melancholy seemed to have made him her own, for he gazed at the stranger with a face of tragedy. He seemed to have realised the sorrow that lurks for dogs and men in the passing of the years. But like a philosopher he contented himself with the trivial, and gave his mind to a large stone which he carried along the road as if it were indeed that far-famed philosopher's stone.

Gilchrist was intensely relieved when he found himself in the train waiting for the whistle that should carry him away from disillusion. But yet at this moment of parting from Miss Forster he felt that strange tenderness that we feel even for our enemies when we say good-bye. For this kind little woman, even though she had slain his visionary lady, he felt a sudden gust of affection.

'You'll keep up the letters,' he said, clasping her hand through the open window.

Her eyes met his in a straight long look.

'You shouldn't have come,' she said. 'I knew it would be like this. Men are such children. You've come too close to the stage and you're disappointed.'

The guard's whistle silenced any answer he could have made. He was trying to say 'Nonsense' against his conviction that she spoke the truth. Middle-aged women have a *flair* of uncomfortable

truths. The guard was wise to whistle. The train steamed out and Miss Forster and her spaniel turned away, slowly, sorrowfully, from the platform.

Gilchrist was scrupulous about his weekly letters to Alnwick. They had grown shorter, but he pleaded his preoccupation with proofs and a new book that required the racking of his brains. Her letters were few and short. They had lost the April freshness and gaiety that, in spite of her years, had charmed him. He felt vaguely that he had lost something, had, perhaps, spoilt it for himself. But he threw himself into his work and arranged for a holiday in Switzerland that was to refresh and distract him.

He sent several postcards to Alnwick from the places that pleased him most. And he often meant to write long letters but he never did, for to his own surprise he was always tired in the evenings. The holiday was a failure in many ways. He found himself older, weaker, more dispirited than he had known. Indeed, he was so unwell that on his return home in the autumn he went to see his doctor and his own doctor sent him to another in London. This was an ordeal to Gilchrist, and he waited for the verdict as a prisoner waits for the judge's black cap. He found himself staring, almost speechless, at the great man.

'There's nothing to worry about, Mr. Gilchrist,' he heard, with doubt still in his heart, 'it's merely a warning to be careful. All through life we get these warnings. Your heart is tired and you've got to treat it considerably. Miss your train rather than run for it. Never hurry yourself and don't worry. You bachelors escape the worry when you're young but now you begin to feel your loss. I'd like to hear that you'd found a wife to look after you . . . not to nurse you, bless me, no! But just to caution you as wives do. How long? Oh! you'll give us several more delightful books . . . if you go slow. But the warning is there. No hurry and no worry . . . that's your watchword. Ah, thanks! Good-bye, Mr. Gilchrist. I see your new book is announced in the autumn lists.'

Gilchrist wandered away. There was no one to whom he could go with his news, yet he wanted absurdly to go to some friend, to see sympathy, anxiety in his eyes. He longed to feel the strong reinforcement of friendship. He wanted an oak-tree of a friend. He thought of all his acquaintances, but there was no one for whom he felt an intimate need. After some wandering he found himself near a church and went in, solaced by the rich gloom of the interior. He knelt there speechless, reaching not



for help. With quick sensitive imagination he saw himself through a slow and weary decline, a lonely death and an exit that wouldn't wring a tear from man or woman. He was intensely sorry for himself. He longed to rest on lasting things, verities, eternal hopes, strongly enduring devotions. London with its youth, its change, its hurry seemed to him mockingly cruel. He went home to Wimbledon.

When he reached his little house in the dusk of a chilly autumn evening he found scant comfort. A temporary housekeeper had replaced the invaluable Mrs. Martin who was nursing a delicate daughter. The new woman did not know his ways. His dinner was unappetising and badly served. The fire in his study was nearly out. He could have cried with peevish distress. He dragged his chair close up to the fender and sat there alone with his thoughts. He was frightened and very unhappy. The last post brought a bill, but no friendly word from anyone. There had been no letter from Alnwick for three weeks. He had not written himself.

His mind turned to Richenda Forster, but this time he thought only of the real woman. He could see the actual room where she sat, he could picture her before her fire. There was no illusion this time. He thought of a reality. And suddenly, strangely, a flood of homesickness overwhelmed him. She would understand. She saw life as it was, with its limitations, its failures, its sorry attempt to reach the high planes of the spirit. She had wisdom and humour, her letters had been young with a youth that is eternal. She would give him hope and strength. Perhaps his dream lady, bewitching as she was, would not have been quite so tender, so understanding. The real Richenda knew what it was to feel old and ugly and a failure. She would let him sit by the fire and hug the physical comfort. She would not expect much of him. The idea of her flooded his soul with warmth. He felt like a schoolboy longing for his mother. He stood up, determined to write to her, but he was ill and tired. He would wait for the morning and then he would go to her. He picked up the A.B.C. guide and began to look for trains.

The wind swept down from the Cheviots and rushed across the Border country, as in old days the Scots came rushing into Northumberland. Old Cheviot was bonneted in cloud, and gusts of rain swept the placid waters of the Aln. The dead beech leaves whirled and danced about Richenda Forster's feet as she walked in the Duke's park, and Waggles, exhilarated to frenzy, ran and

barked among the drifted russet and sienna of the leaves. To take the dog out was one of her unfailing duties, for duty with a very big 'D' ruled her life. She was loyal to all her affections and trusts with a thoughtful, energetic loyalty that could admit no failure and no slackening. Love, to her, meant something painstaking, careful, that must never tire or weaken, that must never know caprice or weariness. The novels that she borrowed from her librarian-stationer amazed her by their outlook. To the new novelists love seemed to be nothing but an obsession, a mania that swept aside duty and let itself be carried away on a flood of selfish indulgence. So, in serious way, she expressed their point of view. The lovers thought of their *own* fulfilment, their *own* development. Of the responsibility, the duty of love they seemed not to think at all. That the ending was, so often, weariness, satiety, divorce, she did not wonder.

'I don't think they know what love means,' she said seriously to her friends, who smiled, perhaps, that a little old maid could talk so certainly of the meaning of love.

But perhaps Miss Forster knew more than they guessed. To-day, as she walked through the drifted, rustling leaves, her thoughts turned about Gilchrist. From the time he had first written to her she had given him a shrine in her heart. He was different from all other men. He was not better. No! she had admired others more. But he was different. She could not explain it to herself. He was hers because she loved him in a fashion beyond her own understanding. She knew all his faults. She had seen some in his books—his sentimentalism, that slight hint of futility that he felt so keenly in himself and tried so bravely to conceal. She had seen others in him the day he called upon her—his limitations, his failure to hide his feelings. Yet she loved him with gravity and yet with humour. She had her own faults. Why, then, should she carp at his? If love is not strong enough to hope, believe, endure all things, it is indeed the tinkling cymbal of St. Paul. She gave her love freely, faithfully, for she accepted the fact that her appearance had lost her his devotion. He had loved another woman, a dream. Richenda was better than the dream: she knew it. But she did not expect Horace Gilchrist to know it. He would never know it here in a world where parcels are valued by their outer wrapping and string. To her own clearer vision she would be true. Always she would love the plain, fallible, sensitive, lonely person who was called Horace Gilchrist. She felt vaguely that he would need her some time, and if he did she would

be ready to serve him—she knew not how. Meanwhile she would live her own decorous, dutiful life, and would laugh to herself at the humours and ironies of Fate, for only so may we, the victims, prove ourselves victorious over the victor. The mocker may be mocked. So with a smile Miss Forster took her homeward way.

In the same dutiful way that she had walked she changed her dress for tea. She determined to wear the new black velvet rest gown that she had trimmed with silver fur, and she put on her mother's string of Venetian beads: they were gay and lovely, and for her own delight she wore them.

When her lamp was lighted she settled herself by the fire to do the knitting that helped her slender income and made her a regular contributor to various charities. Waggles lay near her feet, enjoying both the physical warmth of the fire and the spiritual warmth of companionship. But when he was forced to choose he always preferred the spirit warmth and followed his mistress to cold rooms, but the divorce of body and soul cost him something. He, too, knew love as duty and would not, one fancies, have understood the more pagan neo-Georgian novels. The clock ticked, the needles clicked, Waggles snored a little, but life went on with that sense of nothing happening which makes existence for most people. Then the bell rang.

'It must be the parcel from the dyer's,' thought Miss Forster.

The little maid answered a man's voice in the hall. Unexpectedly the door was opened.

'Mr. Gilchrist,' said the little maid.

Richenda turned; her silk skeins hindered her from rising from her low chair.

'Don't get up,' he said. 'I want you to sit there.'

'Why?' she asked.

'Oh, I'll tell you! Don't talk about tea yet. Presently, perhaps. Here's a chair; don't trouble.'

He sat down and leaned forward. The lamplight gleamed on his glasses.

'Richenda,' he said, 'I've come because I had to. I'm a failure. I was never really good at anything. Tennis and golf, the things that matter . . . I'm really rotten at. I won't pretend. I'm a muddler. Writing . . . no, my books aren't worth anything. Anyway, what *are* books? Just heavy packets of paper that won't even burn when one sticks them on the fire. It's living, not writing, that counts. I've always despised writers. But I couldn't do anything else for my money.'

'Did you come just to tell me that?' she asked in surprise.

'Yes, chiefly. I just had to. There was no one else to tell. I'm a creak, too. I've got a heart that is getting troublesome. Presently I'll be ill and tiresome . . . and cross probably. People change when they're ill, don't they? I'm horribly lonely . . . that's why I thought of you. You were disappointed in me the last time—I'm a queer, straggly Guy Fawkes sort of a man. I know it. Only I thought you'd understand.'

He held out his hand shyly. She took it and held it in both of hers. Her eyes met his searchingly, then she smiled.

'But remember,' she said, 'I'm not your Lady of the North. You were as miserably disappointed with me as a little child when he gets the wrong presents at Christmas. You'd pictured someone graceful, beautiful, like a birch on a hillside.'

'I had.'

'Yes, I knew it. You'd been writing to her, not to me. You'd no use for me.'

'But it's you I want now. I'm frightened somehow. I want someone to face reality with me. I don't want the Lady of the North. I want you—just you. I don't want you to be different.'

'Face reality with you? I can do that. Plain women always face reality. What do you want?'

'Let me stay, or come to London with me. No, let me stay here with you.'

'You shall do just as you like.'

'You won't send me away, Richenda?'

'No, I won't send you away.'

'You'll marry me and keep me safe?'

Richenda smiled as mothers smile at their little sons.

'Yes, I shan't fail you,' she said; 'and now I'm going to ring for tea, because I can feel that you've had none.'

'Richenda!'

'Well, Horace?'

'Do you remember those lines in the *Merchant of Venice*?':

'Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.'

Can you forgive me for my muddy vesture?'

'What of my own? Isn't that what love is for? To see through the muddy vesture? . . . Only love can see so far.'

W. M. LETTS.

*DR. ANTHONY SCATTERGOOD'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.*

BY HERBERT J. DAVIS.

THE manuscript is a small octavo volume of 127 leaves, bound in vellum, and bearing in several places the signature of 'Anthony Scattergood.' Most of it is in his handwriting and seems to date from 1632 to 1640, when he was still at Trinity College, Cambridge. It is very neatly written; the pages have wide margins, and are carefully numbered, but at the end of the book several pieces have been added by a different hand, in an untidy, careless manner, and in one of the last blank pages is the signature 'Elizabeth Scattergood, her Boke 1667/8.' Thus the book evidently remained in the hands of the family during the greater part of the seventeenth century. It now belongs to Mr. Bernard P. Scattergood, F.S.A., of Leeds, who kindly allowed me to borrow it and to make use of his own records of the Scattergood family.

Many of the MS. collections of the seventeenth century have little authority, because we do not know who compiled them. Here is a MS. giving versions of a number of well-known poems and a few which do not often occur, on the authority of no less a person than this erudite and tireless theologian, who took a large part in some of the most laborious scholastic enterprises of the seventeenth century.

Anthony Scattergood belonged to a yeoman family of Derbyshire, but he was born in 1611 at Ellaston in Staffordshire, the 'Hayslope' of Adam Bede. His father was at that time a not very successful attorney of the King's Bench, who appears in the Law Courts more often as the defendant in an action for debt than in the exercise of his legal duties. But in due course he was able to send his son to Cambridge, perhaps with the help of William Fletcher, the Recorder of the town of Nottingham, an uncle who had been his guardian and had cared for his son's education.

The records of Anthony Scattergood's life are very meagre: a few dates—of his birth, marriage, death, and various appointments. Thus he matriculated as a Sizar at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1628, graduated 1633, proceeded to the degree of M.A. 1636, and in the next year became one of the four Chaplains of Trinity College. In 1641 he was appointed rector of Winwick in

Northamptonshire, and was given a canonry by his friend, John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, to whom he was then acting as Chaplain. In 1644 he married in London Martha Wharton, the daughter of a London merchant.

He was no Puritan, but managed to keep his appointment under the Commonwealth, and in 1661 took the oath of allegiance to Charles II; and in 1669 he received in addition the living of Yelvertoft, a village two or three miles from Winwick, and another canonry from his friend, John Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield. He died in 1687, and was buried in the chancel of Yelvertoft Church.

The records of his life are unexciting, but the records of his industry as a theologian are very considerable. Unfortunately, the work of a commentator and a maker of dictionaries is often colourless; even sermons and complimentary verses in English and Latin or Greek are not always inspiring—and such were the works of Dr. Anthony Scattergood.

He was among the group of learned poets who styled themselves the Cambridge Muses, who were always ready to supply Buck & Daniel, the University printers, with a volume of verse to celebrate the births of the princes and princesses of the family of Charles I—or, as they more poetically expressed it, to offer them 'hastily-woven swaddling bands.' It is to be feared that the Princess Elizabeth alone, renowned at the age of fifteen for her scholarship in Greek, Hebrew, and Theology, proved really worthy of these academic honours. But, at any rate, Anthony Scattergood here appears in very good company. For instance, the '*Ducis Eboracensis Fasciae a Musis Cantabrigiensibus raptim contextae*' (1633) is a volume of verse containing contributions from men like Richard Crashaw, then of Pembroke Hall; Edward King, of Christ's College; George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham; Abraham Wheeler, the Oriental Scholar; Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York; and Dr. James Duport, Regius Professor of Greek.

Dr. Duport and Scattergood appeared together later in more serious undertakings, and occasionally exchanged handsome academic compliments. Commendatory verses by A. Scattergood are prefixed to Duport's translations into Greek verse of the Book of Job and—thirty years later—of the Psalms. And Duport replied with an ode '*Ad Antonium Scattergoodum*' (included in his '*Musae Subsecivae*') in which he bestowed upon him the greatest praise that could come from the lips of a Regius Professor of Greek—'*Ελληνικώτατος καὶ κριτικώτατος totius Angliae.*'



Anthony Scattergood had earned this title by his share in an enormous work, 'Critici Sacri,' published in 1660, in nine large folio volumes. It is a commentary on the whole Bible, planned and carried out under the leadership of Archbishop Williams. Bishop Hacket gives some account of this in the life of the Archbishop which he published under the title of 'Scrinia Reserata,' a book which has the distinction of having been called the worst biography in the English language :

'He knew that to expound the whole Scripture learnedly was above the Powers and Parts of one Man. Therefore he reserved both the filling and finishing of it to the assistance of Twelve, or more, of the ablest Scholars of the Land, whom he had in his Eye, and Thoughts, and purposed the Recompense of a great Stipend. For he hath said it to his Friends, that he would not stick at the Sum of Twelve, nor of Twenty thousand Pounds to perfect that Masterpiece of Divinity . . .'

And again :

. . . 'Commonly he sought out such to take his Patronage, as never sought him. Such whose Worth was great, but Humility had obscur'd them. . . . Let no more be named but a Handful, whom the Bishop gather'd out of one Society, *Trinity College in Cambridge*, and guess at all by their proportion. Dr. *Simson*, the Author of the great Chronology, Dr. *Warr*, Mr. G. *Herbert*, Dr. *Meredith*, Mr. *H. Thoredick*, (one of the revisers of the Prayer Book,) Dr. *Creighton*, Dr. *Fearn*, Mr. *J. Dupont*, Mr. *A. Scattergood*, Mr. *C. Williamson*. Τοιοῦτοι δέκα μοί. Here are ten Nestors in one Militia. . . .'

The 'Masterpiece of Divinity' was completed ; there are still copies to be had, tall books bound in vellum—but it has perhaps not unfairly been described as 'a dust-heap of learning.'

At the Restoration Scattergood was appointed with Sancroft, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, to see through the press the new revised edition of the Prayer Book, and as a reward was made S.T.P. in 1662 by Royal Letters, and in 1667 D.D. of Oxford.

In 1682 he prepared an edition of the Bible with notes and parallel passages, which was printed by John Hayes, the Cambridge University printer. This was really the first 'reference' Bible, and Scattergood's notes and references are still regularly printed in many modern editions.

He printed also two Assize Sermons preached, one at Leicester

and the other at Northampton, where he was High Sheriff's Chaplain. They are quite worthy of his scholarly reputation, but so crowded with the vast stores of his learning that they are as uninviting as his commentaries.

Perhaps he found a more congenial task in preparing a fourth edition of Gouldman's Latin Dictionary, published by Hayes at Cambridge in 1678. 'In this edition,' the printer explains, 'there are many thousand more words added, by the Skill and Pains of Dr. Scattergood.' He may also have been collecting material for an improved Greek Lexicon, but there is no evidence that he ever published it. We only know that Worthington, the Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, writing to Samuel Hartlib, the friend of Milton, on January 9, 1661/2, says that Dr. Scattergood is engaged upon an improved edition of Schrevelius' Greek Lexicon.

Such undertakings would have been impossible for a man who seems to have lived for the last forty-six years of his life in the country, unless he possessed a good library. Of this we have actual evidence, for at his death his whole library was offered for sale by auction, and seems to have been purchased entire by White Kennett, Bishop of Peterborough, who ultimately left all his books to his Cathedral Library. The sale catalogue is in the British Museum and contains a list of over 2000 volumes. 'A curious collection of *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers, Councils, Historians, Philosophers, Poets, Orators, Lexicographers, etc., also an excellent collection of *English*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spanish* books in all Faculties, which will be sold by Auction at *John Hartley's*, Bookseller, over against *Gray's Inn* in *Holborn* on *Monday* the 26th day of *July* 1697.'

Such are the records that remain of the man who collected in this little volume, known as the 'Scattergood Manuscript,' things that pleased him best from among the academic exercises of his own contemporaries at Cambridge and the favourite lyrics and epigrams of Court poets. It is not easy to imagine one of the authors of 'Critici Sacri'—even as a young man—copying out so carefully some of these trifles. Of course, most of this collection was made before he became Chaplain of Trinity College (1637). It could not have been begun much before 1632, as the lines which are copied on the twelfth page were written 'In Defence of those scholars, whom Mr. Hausted calumniates in the Frontispiece of his *Rivall Friends*,' and Hausted did not print this play until 1632.

The only items which are of necessity later are added in a

different handwriting, such as John Cleveland's 'A Dialogue between Two Zealots concerning &c. in the Oath' (which must be after 1640), so that most likely he himself did not add anything after leaving Cambridge. It is tempting also to assume that such corrections as have been carefully and deliberately made here and there are not later than this. The book could hardly have been presented to Elizabeth by her father, when she was only fourteen years old : it is more probable that he had forgotten all about it long before 1667, and that she found it then and took possession of it. It reappeared in the Huth Library and was used by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt in preparing his edition of Thomas Randolph's poems in 1873.

It is strange that it is hardly ever referred to by modern editors of seventeenth-century verse, to whom it would have been useful, either to support the readings of other MSS., or occasionally to provide additional lines, or, once at any rate, to establish a doubtful authorship.

It contains much in Latin—academic exercises such as the address prepared and probably delivered by Randolph in 1632 as Cambridge 'Praevaricator,' reprinted at the end of Hazlitt's 'Randolph' from this manuscript ; a translation of the 'Song of Songs' into Latin verse by Dr. James Duport ; and a Latin play, 'Adelphe.' There is one other MS. of this play, which was presented to the library of Trinity College by John Haughton, at one time Librarian. It was written by Samuel Brooke, D.D., Master of Trinity from 1629 to 1631, and had been performed for the first time on February 27, 1612, and again before Prince Charles and the Count Palatine on March 2, 1613, when it 'lasted 6 hours and the Count slept.' In the Scattergood MS. the names of those gentlemen who played the parts are added to the list of *Dramatis Personae*.

In English there is a considerable amount of contemporary verse ; and a number of receipts, e.g. Mr. Burges' receipt for the plague ; medicine for pimples on the face :

'Take Wheat flowre mingled with vinegar and honey, and lay it on them, and it will cleanse them. Also take the blood of an Oxe for a man, and of a Cow for a woman, and annoint the face therewith.'

Medicine for the eyes :

'Take snails and pricke them through the shells with a great pin, and there will issue out a fatte water ; droppe the same into the eyes evening and morning' ; and a curious and amusing letter

signed A. S. (amended by a later hand, 'Ant. Sleep,' one of the actors in the performance of 'Adelphe') and addressed to one Kidman—'Worthy and singular my whey-bearded friend'—accompanying the present of 'a plump and competible sow-pigge.' The original letter seems to have been written upon the skin of the pig, and contains many complaints of the difficulty of 'Pigskin-graphy': 'I beseech your worship pardon the blots, that are in part of my letter, for the piggs bowels did pant and beat to think whither they were going, that I could not possiblief keep mine hand from shaking'; and concludes with an account of its will made just before it died: 'It desired to be interr'd in the maw of his dearly beloved Kidman, where hir other 3 sisters lay. There are three sisters more behind, who desired all to be buried there, for they say it is a kind of Swinestead Abbey.'

Unfortunately, few of the poems are either dated or named—only those of T. Randolph. As Anthony Scattergood, though younger, was at Trinity at the same time as Randolph, it is probable that he would have accurate copies and accurate dates. For instance, his version of a poem 'On Six Maids bathing themselves in a River' does not vary materially from the printed text; but it contains two additional lines and specific information when and where this event occurred, i.e. on June 15, 1629, near Queens' College.

There are also three short fragments signed T. Randolph, but with this signature afterwards erased. Hazlitt prints two—the lines to Dr. Empiric and an Epigram—as worthy of Randolph, but says nothing about the other six lines, which occur, anonymously, in 'Wit's Recreations' (1640):

'Here lyeth a Horse, that died but  
To make his master go on foote;  
A miracle should it bee so  
The dead to make the lame to go.  
So fate would have it, that the same  
Should make him goe, that made him lame.'

Nor does he make any claim that the 'Verses on the burning of the Schoole of Castlethorp in Yorkshire' may also be Randolph's. Huth printed them from this MS. in his 'Inedited Poetical Miscellanies,' adding a note that there is another and fuller version in 'Wit and Drollery' (1661), headed merely 'Upon the Burning of a Petty School,' but signed T. R.; and this is followed by 'Lines

upon the fall of Wisbech Bridge' and 'Upon the fall of the Visiter in Cambridge,' similarly attributed to T. R. Both these pieces are sufficiently in the manner of Randolph to be accepted as his work, but as they are not included in the collections of his poetry published during the seventeenth century, and as the lines in this manuscript are not signed, it cannot be assumed that the compilers of 'Wit and Drollery' had any good evidence for attributing them to him. T. R. might, of course, stand for Thomas Riley, a friend of Randolph's at Trinity, who acted so successfully in the performance of 'The Jealous Lovers' before the King and Queen in 1631. He wrote verses occasionally and was perhaps, as Mr. Carew Hazlitt suggests, the author of a Latin play, 'Cornelianum Dolium,' which appeared in 1638, written by T. R. The lines already mentioned, 'In Defence of those scholars whom Mr. Hausted calumniates in the Frontispiece of his "Rivall Friends,"' refer to this visit of the King and Queen to Cambridge when Randolph's 'Jealous Lovers' and Hausted's 'Rivall Friends' were acted as part of an entertainment prepared by the University in their honour. Randolph's was certainly the better play, and the actors were gentlemen of Trinity College. But Dr. Butts, the Vice-Chancellor, was a Queens' man, and gave preference to Hausted, the poet of Queens'—arranging that his play should be acted first. In revenge, the disappointed men of Trinity and Randolph's numerous admirers in the University, in spite of the Royal presence, cried down Hausted's play, while Randolph's was received with great enthusiasm. In an attempt to retrieve his reputation Hausted printed his play in 1632, and in a strange dedication 'to the Rt. Hon: Rt. Rev: Rt. Worshipful or whatsoever he be or shall be whome I hereafter may call Patron' he complains that 'it was cryed down by Boyes, Faction, Envy, and confident ignorance,' though 'approved by the judicious.' It was this that produced the spirited reply:

'Have at you, Sir, since you will needes oppose  
 All witty men; amongst your other foes  
 Know I am one; There is no way for mee  
 Not to seeme foolish, but to gainsay thee.  
 Have at you, take heed, & though of so many  
 Whom you call boyes, I am more boy than any  
 Yet count mee full thy match. For why? thy selfe  
 Art but an aged Infant, a grave Elfe.  
 O monstrous spleen! What didst thou meane to wrong  
 The glories of the understanding throng?

What didst thou meane against those gownes to strike,  
Which so vouchsaf't to grace thee with dislike ?  
Was it not to thee praise inough that they  
Daign'd for to bee Spectators of thy Play ?  
In troth it was, & their discommendation  
Did thee more good then others approbation.'

There are a number of poems in the MS. which have been printed in Huth's 'Inedited Poetical Miscellanies,' e.g. poems on the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth Noel, daughter of Viscount Campden: (1) To the Bride; (2) to the Lady Penelope, her sister; (3) to the Viscountess, her mother. They are signed Alex. G., which is certainly Alexander Gill, Milton's schoolmaster, as there is also preserved in Ashmole MS. 38 a copy of an elegy he wrote on the death of the Lady Penelope; an epigram on John Taylor, the water-poet:

*Upon the riming Sculler.*

'Horace the poet in his book rehearses,  
That water-drinkers never make good verses:  
But I a poet know, who for his praise  
Is one that liv'd by water all his daies.'

and other epigrams which are to be found in 'Wit's Recreations,' such as

*On Anne Angell married to a Lawier.*

'Anne is an Angell; what and if she be?  
What is an Angell, but a Lawier's fee?'

and a little group of verses which throw light on the morality and manners of the University early in the seventeenth century. There are some vigorous lines (also in 'Wit's Recreations') against the taking of tobacco, which had become fashionable as the newest vice and had spread rapidly in spite of the Graces of the Senate, which so early as 1607 had been passed against it. Severe penalties were threatened against any member of the University 'of what condition or degree soever' who 'shall take tobacco in St. Mary's Church in the Commencement time, or in the Schools in the Lent Acts, or at any other time of exercise of learning in the said Schools, in any dining hall of Colledges, or at any other time and place of Comedies or publick University Tragedies, Shews or Assemblies': fines and suspension of degrees, or 'if *non-adultus*, then every such shall have correction in the school by the rod.'



*'Acrostikes on Tobaccoe.'*

T imes great consumer, cause of idlenes,  
 O ld alehouse haunter, cause of drunkennes,  
 B ewitching smoke, vainest wealthes consumer,  
 A buse of witt, stinking breath's perfumer,  
 C ause of entrailles blacknes, bodies dier,  
 C ause of Nature's slacknes, quenching hir fier,  
 O f fence to many, bringing good to none,  
 E ver bee thou hated, till thou beest gone'

And the verses 'On the Banishment of Cambridge Lasses' seem to show that the Statute of December 19, 1625, 'De personis vagis et feminis amovendis a collegiis,' had not been enough to preserve the sanctity of college precincts without recourse to the final penalty: 'Quod si prohibita non desistant ab ingressu collegiorum, ad dominum procancellarium deferantur; ubi si contumaciae convictae fuerint, tamquam incorrigibiles ab Universitate et villa Cantabrigiae et ab omnibus villis infra quattuor milliaria ab eadem villa distantibus banniantur, secundum chartam academiae concessam per regem Henricum Sextum.'

'Come, let us study, for those glorious lookes,  
 Wee used to gaze upon more then our bookes  
 Are sent to exile; and five miles from hence  
 Confines each face, that weares an Excellence.  
 I know not why, give mee free censure then,  
 It was the damn'd plot of the Hackney men,  
 Whose horses want employment, and this way  
 May halt, and stumble thither in a day.'

'Mr. Sumpter's verses on his degree of Bacc: of Divinity, procured by Sanderson, the L. of Holland's Secretary,' suggest that the new Chancellors of the University, appointed by the Court and against the wishes of the University itself, had introduced within its walls some of the corrupt practices of courtiers. But we may hope perhaps that this did not set a precedent for the conferring of all degrees in Divinity even while Lord Rich was Chancellor.

'Sim Sumpter had reason t' make use of the season  
 His money was lent before;  
 Hee did not disburse any money out of purse,  
 But onely did quitt an old Score.'

For he did commence in his owne defence  
 Without any paying of fees :  
 What Sanderson ought him, hee humbly besought him,  
 It might bee repaid by degrees.'

It is a little significant to find that four or five years after the death of the Duke of Buckingham, whom the King had forced the University to accept as Chancellor in 1626, poems were still being circulated and copied out by men in the University—and by men who had not the least Puritan sympathies—such as this :

'I that my Countrey did betray,  
 Undid the King, that let me sway  
 His Scepter as I pleas'd, brought downe  
 The glory of the English crowne ;  
 The Courtiers bane, the Countrey's hate,  
 An agent for the Spanish state,  
 Romes friend, the Gospells utter foe,  
 The Church and Kingdomes overthrow,  
 Do here a sinfull [carkeis] dwell,  
 Until my soule returne to Hell.  
 With Judas then I shall inherit  
 Such portion, as all traytors merit :  
 If Heav'n admitts of treason, pride, and lust,  
 Expect a spotted soule among the Just.'

This occurs also in the Ashmole MS., with the signature Jo. Heape, and is included by Mr. Fairholt in the 'Collection of Poems and Songs relating to the Duke of Buckingham' which he edited for the Percy Society in 1850. Of the four which are in the Scattergood MS. one other may be quoted, as it is not included in the Percy Society's collection :

'Reader, here underneath interr'd I am,  
 That once was stil'd the mighty Buckingham :  
 God gave me life, my beeing and my breath,  
 Two kings their favours, & a knave my death :  
 And for my fame of youth I need not crave  
 You may believe two kings, before one knave.'

Together with these are two of the popular epitaphs on 'The Duke's Devil,' *Dr. Lambe*, the conjuror who after being convicted for evil practices in Worcestershire was imprisoned for fifteen years in the King's Bench prison. There, under the protection of the Duke, he continued to receive his clients and carry on his

lucrative trade until, on June 23, 1628, the London mob attacked him and beat him to death. One will suffice :

'Here Dr. Lambe the Conjurer lies,  
Who 'gainst his will untimely dies :  
The Div'll did shew himselfe a glutton,  
To take him, yer he was a mutton.  
The Div'll in hell will rost him there,  
Whom London Prentices basted here.  
In hell they wondred, when hee came,  
Amongst the goats to see a lambe.'

Another occupier of a lonely chamber in the King's Bench at that time appears here—the gentleman-highwayman, John Clavell, who was pardoned at the Coronation of King Charles I, perhaps by the intercession of the Queen, as a result of this petition :

'I, that have many rob'd am now bid stand,  
Death and the Law assault me, & demand  
My life and goods ; I never us'd men so,  
But onely tooke their coyne & let them goe :  
Yet must I die ? And is there no relief ?  
The Kinge of kinges shew'd mercy to a Thief :  
So may our gracious King, if that hee please,  
Without his counsell grant mee a Release.  
God is his Patron, & now wee may see,  
His mercy is beyond Severity.'

These lines occur with the title :

'A few lines presented unto His Majestie after I was apprehended, yet before my tryall, inserted here at the entreaty of a Friend'

in the second edition (1628) and the third edition (1634) of his 'Recantations of an Ill-led Life, and a Discovery of the Highway-Law—in Verse,' which he wrote by the King's express command after obtaining his pardon. It is full of interesting details of the manners of highwaymen, and is written in easy readable couplets. Anthony Scattergood had evidently not seen the book, as hardly a single line of the above agrees exactly with the printed copy : it is a good example of the slight verbal alterations which crept into these MS. copies in commonplace books.

Similar slight differences occur sometimes in the versions of the most popular poems of Sir Henry Wotton, Thomas Carew, Richard Corbet, Henry King, and William Strode, which are also found in

this manuscript. There is nothing here by Donne—only another version of that favourite epigram on a cripple which occurs in many forms :

' I can nor go, nor stand, the cripple cries,  
Nor yet can sitt, if he sayes true, he lies.'

There is one very charming little poem 'On a Gentlewoman in a Snow,' which was printed later in 'Wit's Recreations' (1645) and 'Wit's Interpreter' (1655, 1671), of which the authorship was always considered doubtful, until Mr. Dobell included it, but without certain proof, in his recent edition of William Strode's poems. It used to be printed as the work of Thomas Carew, with a note that it might be by Robert Herrick, or by William Munsey. It was set to music by Purcell and by Christopher Simpson. Strode was chaplain to Corbet, when he was Bishop of Oxford, and neither of them took any trouble to preserve their poetry, so that it is difficult definitely to prove what is their work.

Anthony Scattergood first copied the poem, very neatly, thus :

' I saw my Mistresse walke alone  
When feather'd raine came softly downe,  
And Jove descended from his tower  
To court hir in a silver showre.  
The wanton flakes flew to hir breast,  
Like little birds unto their nest;  
But overcome with whitenesse there  
For very grieve thaw'd to a teare;  
Then falling on hir garments hemm,  
To deck hir, freez'd into a Gemme.'

(*incerti Authoris.*)

Then later he made two corrections—in line 1 crossing out 'my Mistresse' and writing above 'Faire Chloris,' and in line 9 crossing out 'falling on' and writing above 'gliding to'; he also erased '*incerti Authoris*' and wrote very clearly underneath '*Stroud, Ox.*'

This may surely be taken as sufficient contemporary evidence to establish Mr. Dobell's claim that it is the work of William Strode. Is it too much to assume also that this version is an accurate copy of the original poem ?

The 'Commonplace Book of Anthony Scattergood' has not a place of very great importance among the MS. collections of seventeenth-century poetry; it preserves little that is not found elsewhere. But the particular selection of contemporary poetry

that it contains may perhaps be taken as some indication of the general taste among the young members of the University during the reign of Charles I. Moreover, in a personal collection of this kind the verses of a minor poet are often invested with a dignity and a significance which is not easily perceived when they appear, ranged together in order, paged and numbered in a modern edition. And here also, preserved in this neat, scholarly handwriting, they remain almost as relics of the man who chose them and copied them out. It would be unfair perhaps to form any opinion of him from the contents of a commonplace book, which he probably filled before he was thirty. But otherwise we know nothing of him except that he was a very erudite theologian. To have had such a man as John Williams, Archbishop of York, for a patron might of itself have been very significant, for Antony à Wood's story of him is exciting and adventurous enough from the time when, as one of the Proctors of the University of Cambridge in 1611-12, 'he gave so notable and generous entertainment, as well in scholastic exercises as in edibles and potables, to the Spanish Embassadors, conducted thither by his Patron, the Lord Chancellor, that when they took their leaves of him, the Chancellor, with the approbation of the Ambassador, told him that he had behaved himself so well in his entertainments that he was fit to serve a King, and that he would be glad to see him as welcome at the Court as they were at the University.' But Williams also had a great reputation for learning, and there may have been nothing else in common between them. Here, however, as the compiler of this little collection of epigrams and pretty verses, Anthony Scattergood seems for a moment less unapproachable: for these courtly poets like Thomas Carew and Sir Henry Wotton, and ecclesiastics of the temper of Richard Corbet and William Strode, and University wits like Thomas Randolph, cast upon him a faint reflection of their own gaiety and humour, and sometimes of their lighter frailties.

## IN PRAISE OF GREAT MEN.

It is a thousand pities that none of the pamphleteers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, so far as is known, turned their serious regard upon the larger plantigrades. Their capacity for proportion and perspective (according to their lights), their serene carefulness and preoccupation, would have left us invaluable documents as a basis for the exercise of more modern methods. With what uplifting of heart should we greet (*si qua fata aspera rumpant*) 'Blunderbore Display'd; being a New Description of Giants, with many Particular Observations never before publish'd; the whole newly corrected and compendiously set forth by Benjamin Drybone, S.T.P.' How graciously would fall upon our ears the sonorous lucidity of Dr. Primrose's 'Inquiry into the Gigantick,' or a 'Dissertation on Hugeness' by one of Griffiths' unfortunate literary prisoners! To have the natural history of our great forerunners thus thoroughly explored before the records had deteriorated further; to see with the eye of a Theobald or Steevens the darling secrets of their vast domesticity; to probe, to understand, to love, the heart of an ogre! Even the scientific nineteenth century might well have exulted in such material for a Monograph of Hypertrophy.

But alas! giants have perished out of the earth, except for the tall natives of barbarous regions. Their lives and territory found no Lysons, no Hasted, and the honourable name of ogre is defaced by the horrid charge of anthropophagy. The very children in our nurseries to-day know but that whenever the word giant occurs in a fragmentary epic, some narrative of treachery, intrigue and imbecility is near.

Such a state of public bias is obviously undesirable. It is time to take some steps towards a theory of giants, and perhaps to suggest, in a day of stentorphones, immense sweet-peas, and certified circulations, a parallel with certain activities of our own epoch.

Take first him who, more than all others, bears the guilt of race-extinction. The ancient documents dealing with his career are accessible to the general public. John, odiously nicknamed the Killer, was of plebeian though not the lowest origin. His



father was a well-to-do Cornish farmer, whose name would have been less widely, but more honourably, known to history had he nurtured his son in the manner suited to his own calling. As it was, the boy developed early an insatiable contumacy which, joined to a cunning not infrequent in persons of mean birth, rendered him in young manhood a foe to the secure opulence of all settled institutions. Among these institutions, it need hardly be said, were the British giants, who, like the coloured natives of North America, awaited euthanasia in a decent segregation, as becomes the last representatives of an older (and it may be a better) civilisation. The peasant boy, having by an unworthy stratagem killed one of this unhappy race, who (doubtless upon intolerable provocation) had showed a tendency to homicide and kleptomania, rapidly degenerated into an inveterate giganticide; while the vulgar, mistaking familiarity for adulation, diverted his Christian name into Jack. Creeping into a fulsome intimacy with persons of exalted and even of regal rank, Jack finally married far above his station, espousing the daughter of a well-known ducal house. With this infatuated or (to be charitable) deceived lady he lived, we are glibly assured, in perfect happiness and prosperity, until at length death terminated the grotesque and unequal alliance.

The circumstances of this young man's principal exploits have been too often ventilated to need elaborate description here. But their occasion is important. Why had he this inveterate lust of giant blood? Of what sort was this civilisation he destroyed?

In the first place it is clear that the giants were a race apart, at peace with one another and bound together by the ties of kinship and common affliction. There appears to be no record of any definite political organisation among them. Agriculture and kindred pursuits formed their main occupation. They lived sometimes alone, as Cormoran upon St. Michael's Mount, or as the princely Blunderbore in an enchanted castle amid lonely woods; sometimes in twos and threes, in caves, in palatial mansions, in lake settlements, or again in castles; and sometimes, unless the remarkable documents dealing with (another) Jack and his Beanstalk are spurious, in an almost inaccessible domain among the clouds. With them, usually on terms of mutually defensive alliance, often dwelt another moribund race—beings endowed with supernatural powers, whom literature denominates indifferently magicians, wizards, enchanters and necromancers. It is even possible that these two peoples were originally one, and that the parent stock, unable to support in one line a double

hypertrophy, split into two branches, the one physically, the other mentally, abnormal—a theory strengthened by the fact that giants were occasionally found to wield magical arts, showing a reversion or 'throw-back.'

It was apparently in the reign of Arthur<sup>1</sup> that the issue in England between the old and the new civilisations was finally determined. But why should the less seek to eradicate the greater? The answer is so simple as to have escaped notice hitherto; and it gives us the clue to the whole natural history of ogredom, as well as to the cast of the traditions relating to it. Gold was the guerdon sought by the infamous Jack and his peers in treachery. The giants, in effect, were the older inhabitants of the various countries which man eventually permeated. They had long enjoyed a settled magnificence of manners and customs, of which the newcomers conceived a greedy and passionate jealousy. Stored-up treasure lay abundant in their lofty palaces, their sky-capped castles. The amenities of domestic life were increased for them by the free use of magical appurtenances; and their sincere, almost uncouth, simplicity of mind exposed them to no torments of anxiety, no ambitious discontent. Even when the human wave had overflowed far and wide, and left the displaced inhabitants in isolated splendour amid their precarious fortresses, they lost none of their antique dignity. It was only in the face of the gross and unfeeling aggression of the invader that the autochthonous giant felt justified in mild reprisals. A damsel or two by way of hostage, a few oxen for daily sustenance, the right to sleep and snore undisturbed in the public forest—these were the moderate wants which tradition has magnified into the dissolute and unabashed cravings of savagery. In a word, the semi-barbaric profusion of that ancient economy was comparable to that of Mycenæ at the time when it was so devastatingly attacked by the then uncivilised Greek.

The parallel, indeed, is close and illuminating. Like the Mycenæans, the giants dwelt in huge primeval fortresses advantageously placed. The very gates of their castles, as at Mycenæ,

<sup>1</sup> The late Mr. H. Fielding, in his play of *Tom Thumb*, estimated their then numbers at no less than 100,000. But this entertaining piece professes no attempt at minute historical accuracy. Indeed, Mr. Fielding himself in an obviously later work (*A Journey from this World to the Next*) deliberately discredits it. General Thumb, met by the author in the next world, said, 'so far from killing giants, he had never seen one alive'—a direct contradiction of the play, in which Thumb was in the employ of King Arthur, and served that monarch in a war against his monstrous foes.

were ornamented with terrific sculptures of lions, tigers, and winged animals of the most lifelike ferocity. Vainglorious chroniclers in after days indeed imputed life to these incomparable ornaments, and found it necessary to clothe the ubiquitous John in an invisible cap, in order to allow of his passing the gold-guarding griffins unobserved. Some such gate-ward was certainly needed, for the wealth which Thucydides remarked in the possession of Agamemnon and Pelops was no less noticeable among the giants. Golden treasures of the most superb workmanship were theirs, and man in England, like the Greek, had to endure many generations of crude slow development before he was in a position to rival, much less to surpass, the masterpieces of the craftsmen he had killed. Even now, when (for example) Birmingham competes with and even ousts from its own market the brassware of the East, we are unable to produce a live golden hen or a fowl oviparous of the precious metal. The golden harp, self-playing, human-voiced, is immeasurably superior alike to the musical box and to the gramophone of modern days. The swiftest motor car or express train is snail-like by the side of seven-league boots. And who in these times (even if he be a King Beaver) can boast golden hairs in his beard, as did an aristocratic ogre who, needless to say, was despoiled by a human thief? The magic gifts—the sword of sharpness, shoes of swiftness, and coat of invisibility—were admittedly bestowed upon Jack by a giant with whom he had asserted relationship; while another grateful ogre presented his benefactor with the celebrated donkey which emitted gold pieces from its mouth at the sound of the word ‘Bricklebrit.’

Small wonder, therefore, that for humankind to see these noble possessions was to covet them, and to covet was to grasp. And nowhere is the contrast between the two races more depressingly evident than in the methods of acquisition. No trick is too paltry, no device too pettifogging, for the mind of avarice to plan or the hand of guile to carry out. A ‘valiant’ tailor threw an unfortunate dove or pigeon into the air, making a pathetically unsuspecting ogre fancy that the bird thus painfully liberated was a stone, and thereby implanting in his destined prey a fear wholly groundless. The same pseudo-warrior subtly manipulated a cheese with a similar astounding effect, and the giant was no less easily deceived. Jack caused a Welsh giant to commit suicide in a manner so revolting that we will do no more than recall it by the mention of ‘hasty pudding.’ Another mortal lured an ogre and his large spouse into an oven and there burnt them. Some were killed

asleep, some drugged and murdered, some caught in pits and put to the sword. The recital is too horrible to be continued.

And yet the martyrs were no uncultured savages. It is indeed probable that the very reverse was the case. Poetry, for instance, was so deeply rooted in their nature that they frequently, if not habitually, spoke in verse. The famous lines :

'Fee, fi, fo, fum ;  
I smell the blood of an Englishman !  
Be he alive or be he dead,  
I'll grind his bones to make my bread !'

are merely the best known of a long series of rhyming aphorisms. The triple rhyme of :

'Though here you lodge with me this night,  
You shall not see the morning light :  
My club shall dash your brains outright'—

betrays a power of technique far above that of the ordinary rustic verse-maker ; while the inscription written up outside Galligantua's mountain-castle is a masterpiece of rhythmical vigour. The high state of civilisation thus suggested is corroborated by evidence of an equally strong passion for the sister art of music. The giants delighted in listening, rapt, to the sweet strains of any musical instrument, and especially of the harp, wherein, indeed, they found their best soporific.

As regards their prominent racial characteristics, our information is rather scanty. Their language is almost unknown to us. The few words already quoted—'fee,' 'fi,' 'fo,' 'fum' and 'brickle-brit'—probably belong to it, but their meaning is irrecoverable. A phrase put into the mouth of an Irish giant—'Hai haw hogaraich'—is certainly not giantese, but is probably taken from the obscure Western European dialect recently investigated by the venerable Archbishop of Innisfree (Dr. Yates), Herr Professor Georg Möhr, and the Principal of the Kiltartan Women's College, Lady Augusta Gregory, Ph.D., O.B.E. Even such a detail as the size of a normal giant is a matter of doubt. Some say that they were as tall as fir-trees—Thomas Hickathrift is reported to have fought with one who stood a mere twelve feet high, while yet another is spoken of as reaching the clouds. The fir-tree standard is probably most nearly correct.<sup>1</sup> Their appearance, it must be confessed, was not

<sup>1</sup> A remarkable assertion appears in one well-supported legend—that giants could be made as well as born. An ordinary boy was brought up by a male giant, and not only endued gigantic manners, but attained gigantic stature. Such an

always prepossessing ; it tended to be abnormal. The Killer slew several with two heads ; others had only one eye, and that misplaced, or else were what is brutally termed 'goggle-eyed.' Their food, like their life, was simple, if plentiful. Welsh giants loved the 'hasty pudding' already mentioned. All appear to have been carnivorous, and mortals usually surprised them with three or four sheep or oxen dangling at their waist.

It is here proper to refute a fallacy. The charge of infant-eating has been preferred against ogredom by malicious detractors. The habit (moderately exercised) may be readily admitted. Paedophagy in itself is no crime. Do not men themselves eat other animals ? Surely there is no harm in the provision of an occasional baby or so for the gigantic larder, and it would be invidious indeed to grudge the Beanstalk giant the 'boy broiled on toast' wherein he so rejoiced. It may further be questioned whether the destruction of ogres was not a serious interference with natural laws ; as serious, for instance, as it would be to kill all cats, and thereby allow an indefinite increase of mice. At any rate, the young of the human animal can hardly have been the worse for this automatic check on its numbers, and it is probably beyond doubt that the over-population of many parts of the world at the present time is due, ultimately, to the thoughtless removal of giants in former days. Consider also the gigantic point of view. To an ogre, ample, high-minded, sedate, those puny amalgams of noise and incompetence (for in no other light would infancy appear to him) must have been a most distressing and irritating excrescence upon the peace of his remote civilisation. Man he was perhaps bound to tolerate ; children he could not but devour.

But the giants were not cruel in grain. Nay, they were steeped in a most engaging graciousness, a generous simplicity of heart and manners. Upon those mortals who—usually to gain some private ends—proved beneficial to them they showered both gifts in kind and offers of service. Innumerable inept princes and many persons of meaner station were aided by generous ogres. It was only when treachery took the place of gratitude, and human boasts stood manifest as mere provocative artifices, that the gigantic wrath could no longer be restrained, but flamed forth justly in resentment and revenge. Yet nearly always they were

occurrence was in all probability very rare. It may be also noted that Mr. Fielding discovers the custom of polyandry in the race. Other writers announce the existence of polygamy. These contradictions are by no means uncommon in the speculations of the learned with regard to early civilisations.

amenable to reason. For instance, in one of Grimm's records it is told that a giant, meeting a man, said (naturally enough) 'It is well that thou comest, for it is long since I have eaten; I will at once eat thee for my supper.' The man, apparently a superior representative of his class, mildly urged the greater attractiveness of non-human food. 'Very well,' assented the giant, 'I was only going to eat thee because I had nothing else.' It would be hard to find in human history so touching, so noble an acceptance of pacific principles. Their naïveté was indeed enormous. They loved to bandy among themselves pointless riddles, to request human beings to perform ridiculously impossible tasks, to enjoy ceaselessly their frolic pastimes—bowls, ninepins (with pins as large as men), and the like. Fair words, as we have shown, would at any time allure them into credulity. Even so thin a method of flattery as the fulsome address 'my dear little giants' was capable of deceiving them. Is it surprising that John and his ruffianly imitators won fame cheaply?

But why has that fame survived? The answer is quite simple. The only records (of any respectable antiquity) which have come down to us are clearly Johannine in origin. John, or Jack, must have been an accomplished publicist. The Press of his time—the romance writers, the chapmen—may have been behind him, or he may have been behind the Press. After he had killed his first few giants, he was probably in a position to dispense with his original backers. Even thus to-day. . . .

And so they passed. Even the coarse engineers of extinction cannot but have experienced a brief pang of regret at the surcease of giantry. Age, whether hale or in decay, is venerable; and that deciduous civilisation carried along with itself into the limbo of lost reputations the final hope of learning the whole truth about a to us so exotic world. Never again can we hear faintly borne along the breeze an ogreish bellow; no longer shall a gigantic form stand clear and black against the sunset; no longer may a painful but deserved retribution suddenly envelop the squealing infant. 'All is but toys. Renown and grace is dead.' Progress, maybe, has increased material comfort and security; but progress is not everything. If it is ever permissible to recall in desire the vanished days of antiquity, then the first remembrance should be given to the time when those great beings, the giants and ogres, peopled an earth on which *homo sapiens* was but a parvenu invader.

F. J. HARVEY DARTON.



### WITH THE OPAL SEEKERS.

THERE is an intense fascination in the idea of being entirely independent, but only a few mortals have the luck to realise that dream. Perhaps the gold seeker, or the man who chases after the rare metals, and the careless gem diggers of New Zealand may get nearer its fulfilment than the ordinary millionaire who is dependent on the success of the big enterprises which his capital controls. But there are some men who actually achieve the almost unattainable, and those are the happy-go-lucky seekers after opal in the far west of New South Wales and south-west Queensland. They pay neither rent nor taxes, they work for themselves, live cheaply but well, care for nothing and, beyond a desire to know what horse won the Melbourne Cup, have little interest in the outside world. Theirs is not the life that all people would choose, but it is certainly one of absolute independence.

Opal is a valuable gem stone composed of hydrous silica, but how it came to be formed or what caused it to come into being no man can say, although many have theories. It is found in the far-western plains of New South Wales and Queensland where the silent bush merges into the great grim desert, and its pursuit is the sole occupation of about five thousand men scattered over an area that could take in the Home Islands easily. It is found at varying depths, in strata, from the surface down to about forty feet, and exists in those strata as horizontal slabs of thick glass-like material. Only a small part of this glass-like substance is 'noble' or gem opal, and it occurs in small inexplicable patches throughout the larger mass, from which it has to be broken out. The valueless material is termed 'potch,' and is of all colours, but does not live and sparkle like the gem opal. It is used for making imitation gems of all kinds because of its many colours, but it is worthless on the opal fields, whence it can be taken away in cart-loads by anyone who cares to do so. The world's chief centre of opal mining—if the work of getting opal can be called mining—is the town of White Cliffs, sixty miles beyond the Darling River in New South Wales; but the later township of Lightning Ridge near the Queensland border in the north-eastern part of the same state is daily becoming more famous because of the extremely valuable

black opal found there. Round those two towns is found one-half of the world's opal, but in south-western Queensland, throughout an immense area, are scattered camps and settlements which provide at least another quarter. The remainder comes from Mexico and Austria, but is not of the same value.

When anyone desiring the free, simple life decides to go 'opal-ing'—as the term is—he usually selects a mate, and together they make for White Cliffs, Lightning Ridge, or south-western Queensland. They require no experience, as the finding of opal is a matter of luck, and the men they will meet on the fields will tell them all that is necessary, and receive them into the brotherhood of the Free without question. Then, all worries will disappear, the spirit of the mystic land will cast its strange spell over them, and soon they will become part of their sunny environment—until a really great shock comes. All kinds of people are met with on the opal fields; some are known by their name, but those with any personality are soon honoured with a more or less fitting cognomen. The writer got his when he struck White Cliffs, and it has remained.

My companion, Big Sam, and I had got tired gold mining near Lucknow—the scene of the present gold rush—and suddenly decided we would give ourselves a rest by getting some opal. Our decision made, we lost no time and, next morning, boarded the train from Sydney to Cobar, the western terminus. Here, disdaining the regular famous Cobb & Co's. coach, we bought horses and rode across the 150 miles desert to Wilcannia, a pleasant dream-like township on the Darling River where the magnates of the Broken Hill mines recuperate and lead the so-called simple life, while washing out the sulphur from their systems. We rode along the sixty miles hard, level camel pad which leads beyond the Darling from Wilcannia to White Cliffs, in a night, and at sunrise next morning saw before us what looked like a petrified ocean, the great motionless waves of which gleamed in the morning sunlight until bounded by the horizon. Presently we threaded our way, still on the camel pad, through these white clay formations, which were really the excavated accumulations from the many opal claims, and found ourselves in the world-famous opal city. It was a weird conglomeration of galvanised erections, which included hotels, stores, Indian and Chinese shops, and a fine post office. There were also innumerable restaurants, which announced boldly the legends 'All meals 1s.—Always ready.' The chief street was thronged with people of almost every race and

nationality, but picturesquely garbed Afghans with their camels were most prominent; the Chinese and other Orientals all wearing the very scanty garments approved of by the white man. Afghans and their camel teams are the connecting link between White Cliffs and the outer world, the transportation of stores, beer, and everything else from Broken Hill and Wilcannia to the 3000 healthy opal seekers of White Cliffs being entirely in their hands. The city itself is built on the site where opal was first found, and is entirely hidden by the white 'mullock' dumps which surround it for miles. It is only used as a centre where the Jew gem-buyers meet those with opal to sell, and into which the miners from far and near come for their stores, and to enjoy what is, by some, called a good time. There is always plenty of entertainment in the town, for the miners have plenty of money, and when they come in to sell their opal they invariably celebrate in their own style. When those celebrations are on, the gem-buying fraternity usually betake themselves to the prison, which is cool and comfortable, and the only place which can stand a siege. They are not liked, but they all make fortunes and retire soon.

Evidently there was some cause for excitement on the morning we arrived in White Cliffs, and we soon found that the reason was the departure of the mail coach for Wilcannia. In front of the chief hotel hundreds of stalwart miners were gathered round the spidery contrivance that proudly carries the King's mails, and carries it to schedule time like a railway train through flood, fire, and sand-storm. But it was a gem-buyer passenger who was receiving the attention of all. He had his suit-cases labelled Sydney, and had paid for an extra seat on which to place them. The week before, another gem-buyer had been held up on the same coach by a masked cyclist and forced to yield up his bags of opal. He claimed to have lost ten thousand pounds worth of gems, but as the total amount he paid for what he lost was known to be about £800, the miners were thinking a bit. At any rate, Abraham Macintosh was now being regaled with tales from the crowd as to the inevitable fate of all dishonest gem-buyers, and in his hearing were discussed the best places for fast riders to overtake and hold up the coach. The driver remarked as he picked up the reins of his four horses: 'Boys, I'm paid to take the mails through, an' *they'll* go through, but passengers ain't no concern of mine.' The coach clattered off, but the Jew was a nervous wreck, and the crowd, excepting one man, laughingly turned into the

hotel to quench their thirsts. Unobtrusively, two troopers rode out after the coach, and the man approached us.

'New arrivals, I presume?' he said, politely.

We admitted the fact, which was obvious as we had not dismounted, and our steeds showed the effects of a night's hard riding. 'We're harmless little innocents,' lisped Big Sam, and the man laughed. 'Well, you don't quite look it,' he said, 'but if you are out for opal you will find the latest big strike on Turley's Hill. My name doesn't matter, but the boys call me the Poet, for short.'

We unerringly formed our opinions of the man and concluded we had met a character new to us, and thus, a few hours afterwards, the three of us in company moved out the two miles to Turley's Hill. There was a well-defined track projected through the countless 'mullock' dumps, and our companion gave us much information on the way. He explained that each man's claim was fifty feet square, and that when he sank his shaft in the middle of his lot the excavated material forming the white dump above that speedily grew into one of the heaps we were passing. As the shaft went deeper, or more drives were cut underneath, the heaps expanded until they almost touched each other. Then the original owners, probably abandoning their claims for new grounds, went elsewhere, and other men coming in had roofed in the spaces between each dump with galvanised iron and made their camps on their respective claims. The white clay had long ago set hard and, now, most of the inhabitants of White Cliffs might be termed cave-dwellers. And those improvised caves were wonderfully cool and pleasant. The fierce sun baked the clay on top, but underneath, and between, was airy, rent and tax free. The Poet had led us through the densest part of the dumps with the intention of showing us everything, and it was only after a very long journey that we reached Turley's Hill, an abrupt elevation about a mile in length and two hundred feet in height, evidently thrown up from the great inland sea that at one time covered Central Australia. The face of this hill was honeycombed with drives or tunnels pierced into its heart, but some tents still formed the camps of new arrivals who had not yet excavated living apartments in their claims. The Poet introduced us to half a dozen men who worked in the adjoining claims, and told us that the double claim next his was vacant because its owners had made their fortunes and gone down to Sydney. We annexed the claim, formally, and, after

giving the Chinamen who called for orders a list of our commissariat requirements, we set to work in the claim already prepared for us.

We found the 'potch' showing in the walls where the last men had got tired breaking it down, and, under directions from the Poet, we dug out the soft clay underneath the 'potch,' leaving the red glassy layer for a roof, and carrying the 'mullock' out through the tunnel to its mouth. By night we had prized down our roof with gouge knives, and from amidst the glittering mass of broken material we picked out several ounces of green and orange 'pin fire' gems, which the Poet said were worth £20 per ounce. We were well pleased with our first day's work, but intensely surprised that the previous miners should have left such a prize, until told, round the common camp fire that night, that no man knew when he was about to strike opal, and that we might have had to drive right through the hill without seeing anything but potch if our luck had not been what it was. We were also informed that the men before us had been working on the potch seam for a fortnight before leaving without getting a single gemstone. All our neighbours were highly delighted with our success, explaining that the rich vein we had disclosed would probably extend into the claims on either side of us.

Next day we continued our operations and added another ten ounces of first-class gems to our store, and about twenty ounces of what we thought were even better stones, but which we were told were not nearly so valuable. This second-class lot was of every conceivable shade and colour, and the living flashes shot and blazed through the translucent pieces like minute rays of fire. But our first, the Poet pointed out, was yellow opal with orange-fire points all through it, which changed to green even as we looked, and was a kind the buyers would give almost any price to obtain. We had also several pounds in weight of blue, green, and red opal which flashed brilliantly in the candle light of the drive, but which, when we examined it in the sunlight outside, was 'dead.' This stuff we were told was worth about a shilling per pound, but hardly saleable even at that price. Day after day our luck stayed with us, and soon the men round about us struck the same seam, a fact which resulted in almost daily celebrations in town. Our opal was evidently of a very special nature, and the buyers were much excited over it, even pretending to be in competition with each other to secure it. We screwed the Jews up

to an average of £20 per ounce for both firsts and seconds, but a buyer whom I met afterwards elsewhere, under different circumstances, confessed that some of our opal when cut and polished was sent to a big exhibition in the Old Country at the time, and that one stone alone was afterwards sold by auction for £500!

But one day our valuable seam merged into the 'potch' again and, after burrowing like rabbits along underneath the strata for a fortnight, unsuccessfully, we got the 'move on' feeling, and announced our intention of going north into Queensland to prospect for new opal fields. To our surprise the Poet said he would go with us, as also did another man only recently out from London who was known as the Doctor. Next day we gathered in our horses and, with two pack animals running free, behind, we headed north for Queensland. The scarcity of water prevented us from riding along the shortest route up the dry Paroo River, so we passed through Milparinka, Tibooburra, and Yalpurga, and finally struck some head waters of the Bulloo River in Queensland, near where we calculated the far-western town of Thargomindah should be. The country had now changed considerably, for we were in the far-famed sheep land, water was plentiful, and the enchanting bush had taken the place of the southern desert. We had covered two hundred and fifty miles since leaving White Cliffs, and streaks of vari-coloured opal flashed in the sunlight from myriads of iron-stone nodules that now covered the surface of the ground. The presence of those small iron nodules is inexplicable, but it is generally assumed that they are meteorites. Every sand-storm covers them inches deep, but after the wind dies away they are again packed tightly on top, as before. Fiery points of opal flash perpetually through those stones, but too minute to be located when examined closely.

Towards sundown one evening we entered a gully between the mulga-clad slopes of a range of small hills, and to our amazement saw tame domestic ducks in a pool in the creek. Then we disturbed some hens, each with a following of chickens, and we needed not to hear the tinkle of horse-bells to tell us we were near a long-established camp or settlement of some kind, although there were none marked on our maps. Next minute the appetising odour of something frying struck us, and rounding a bend we saw a camp and a number of men preparing their evening meal round the red embers of a big fire. We saw piles of kangaroo and emu skins, and concluded we had fallen in with a kangarooer's camp, but the

pres  
we  
The  
care  
Ther  
altho  
We d  
the r  
us th  
three  
mone  
one k  
We g  
and v  
Tharg  
who h  
vegeta  
back  
and y  
are he  
Aft  
lot wit  
enjoya  
and w  
the 'p  
times  
trouble  
probab  
On  
miles  
camps  
or in s  
away.  
had a  
time w  
to be a  
effort, v  
perous.  
but mos  
one nig  
a look a  
VOL.



presence of picks and shovels, and the heaps of discarded opal which we observed lying near as we rode up, made us modify that idea. The men greeted us in true bush style, took our horses into their care and told us that we were just in time for a square meal. There were six men in the party, of ages between twenty and fifty, although the Queensland sun had made them all look the same. We dined well, and then, round the camp fire—the night, owing to the rapid radiation, being cold—we exchanged news. They told us they were opal prospectors, and had found opal all around only three feet from the surface, and that they were making all the money they wanted. ‘There are two other camps down the creek,’ one known as Fighting Charlie said, ‘but we’ve been here longest. We get mutton and beef from a sheep station ten miles from here, and we only need tobacco, flour, tea, sugar, salt, and jam from Thargomindah, which we send pack horses in for, with aborigines, who have a camp near here, every month, and we grow our own vegetables. Sometimes one of us rides in with our opal and brings back mails and newspapers. There is opal everywhere around, and you’ll get to know us better if you stay with us, which you are heartily welcome to do.’

After some discussion we accepted the invitation to cast in our lot with the happy miners, and for a long time lived the most enjoyable life I have experienced. The opal existed in thick slabs, and was of a much fierier variety than that of White Cliffs, although the ‘potch’ predominated in much the same proportions. Sometimes we found it a few inches from the surface, but we never troubled to work any stratum more than a few feet deep, although probably other levels existed at greater depths.

On the days when anyone returned from Thargomindah, fifty miles distant, with mails and papers, the men from the other camps joined us and the night was spent in telling stories, singing, or in shooting at lighted candles fixed in bottles a hundred yards away. The nights were cool and perfect, and although every man had a tent all slept in the open air under the glorious stars. In time we imported a Chinese cook from Thargomindah, who proved to be a past master of his profession and, as we got opal with little effort, we lived the life of untrammelled freedom, and were prosperous. If any man had private worries he did not speak of them; but most of our fellows had a past of some kind, and that came out one night. Black Bill had remarked that he would like to have a look at the sea again as he had forgotten what it was like. The

Professor—he had really been a professor—laughed and said: 'Well, you are camped now on an ancient sea bed, and the opals we get owe their fire to the presence of lime derived from fish bones and shells.'

'I don't care though I never see the sea again,' put in the Doctor. 'I started my professional life as a doctor on the —, but she was piled up on a reef outside Cape Town and I got wet, and lost a presentation watch I had given to the captain to adjust from his chronometer. I am glad now, for otherwise I shouldn't have been here; but I sometimes feel I'd like to meet the poor old captain to tell him I know he was not to blame. Of course he was dismissed the service.'

'Talking of watches,' observed Brisbane Bill, 'ain't it funny there isn't a watch in this camp—'

'Yes, there is,' interrupted a heavily bearded man known as the Sphinx. 'I've got one.' He arose and walked over to his tent, reappearing presently with a gold watch in his hands. 'There's your watch, doctor,' he said, handing it over. 'It has never stopped since I adjusted it that night.'

In the silence that followed one felt that aeons of time were passing. Suddenly someone said: 'There's a fellow down in the next camp who was the all-but-one world's champion fighter—'

'Is there any man in this camp who knows any other man here?' asked the Poet abruptly. All laughed.

'You're the fellow whose writings in the *Sydney Bulletin* stopped when a fellow threw himself over the cliffs at South Head,' said Black Bill; and again all was silence until someone said in a strained voice: 'Say, boys; what horse is going to win the Melbourne Cup?' He was not answered, and shortly afterwards all turned in.

A few days later an aboriginal came into camp at breakfast time carrying a large iron-stone boulder in his hands. He was given food, as usual, then asked what he wanted.

'Hims little fellow,' he said, indicating the seven pounds weight boulder he carried; 'but plenty much big fellow out in Cooper Creek, and him's plenty full big fire opal.'

We all understood what he meant and, after breaking the stone and seeing that its heart was a core of opal which he had crushed in breaking the outer casing, we decided to investigate. As a result, Black Bill, Silent Ted and I, with the aboriginal and a well-equipped pack horse, left camp that day, and two days later,

after riding a hundred miles, the native led us on to a patch of ground strewn with huge iron-stone boulders ranging in weight from seven to thirty pounds.

'Hims find plenty much opal inside him,' he said; and next minute we proved his words to be correct by smashing several of the iron-stone balls and scattering scintillating masses of opal fragments over the sand. The pieces we collected were of a quality none of us had previously seen equalled, and we settled down to work systematically . . . But it was of no use. The blow which shattered the outer casing also smashed to powder the more brittle core within, and sundown found us still engaged in vain endeavour to bring out the opal whole. That night we thought out all sorts of plans, but we were reduced to the fact that we could not save the opal by breaking the iron-stone casing. Nor could we carry away the cannon-ball-like stones on our saddles. We thought of sawing the outer casing, but we could not answer the problem of how to transport the necessary plant from Thargomindah to the Cooper.

'We'll leave it to the Professor and the others,' finally said Black Bill; and Ted and I could not improve on the suggestion.

Next morning we started on the back track, carrying with us some of the smaller balls. Three days later, at sundown, we rode into camp and were intensely surprised at the changes that had taken place in our absence. Tents had been taken down and most of the miners from the other camps were with our comrades, and nearly all had shaved off their facial adornments in the way of beards and moustaches. It was a band of about twenty smart-looking athletes who confronted us, most of whom we couldn't recognise because of the startling changes in their appearances. I began to tell of our experience, but no one seemed to pay much attention, and at length Black Bill exclaimed 'What in thunder is the matter, mates?' The Professor began to explain, but Fighting Charlie interrupted, saying quietly: 'A war has broken out in Europe, boys, and Britain is calling for men.'

'Who is Britain fighting against?' asked Silent Ted.

'Don't know, exactly; but it doesn't matter,' answered Charlie. 'We're all going.'

'But you're too old to fight, Charlie,' I cried, after seeing a month-old newspaper which Big Sam handed to me. 'You and the Professor stay here to hold the camp until we come back—'

The Professor shook his head, and Fighting Charlie turned on

me ferociously: 'Sir,' he said, 'I have been an officer in His Majesty's Imperial Army, and I am still young enough to fight for my country in a humbler capacity.'

Without another word Black Bill, Silent Ted and I entered our tents and hurriedly shaved, and that night the entire population of all the camps were riding eastwards towards the far-distant rail terminus at Cunnamulla—the Chinese cook included, and some aborigines running alongside. *En route*, we joined up with sheep-shearers, boundary riders, and squatters, and it was an army of grim-visaged western plainsmen of perfect physique who finally entrained for Brisbane and Sydney in answer to the Empire's call for her scattered sons. . . .

The Powers That Were, on account of my supposed knowledge of rare minerals, sent me to North Queensland to find molybdenite, for war purposes, and the Professor was sent on some other quest.

Most of my other comrades fell at Gallipoli, but Big Sam came back wounded and joined me in North Queensland. The blood-flashing opal still remains in its iron casing out on the far Cooper, and it will remain there until the last Roll Up as far as I am concerned; but the poultry round the old camp must have multiplied considerably by this time.

ROBERT M. MACDONALD.

## 'SURE!'

A STUDY IN REVERSION.<sup>1</sup>

BY DOUGLAS WALSH.

## I

MENTALITY is a curious thing. . . . But I mustn't moralise. His story must be told another way.

Meet Stefan Pavlovitch, as the Americans say.

Notice his dark, liquid eyes, his sallow complexion, and his rather prominent cheek bones. Observe his big, hairy hands, his tall, broad figure, his baggy, dirty-white breeches, his long, dirty-white coat, and the red sash about his middle. Don't peer too closely at his tousled hair, but get to leeward of him and sniff. Yes—that's what it's made up of—fish, onions, sour-cheese and Pavlovitch, with the first prize to the fish.

Dirt is only skin-deep. Forget the dirt. Hold your nose and look at him again. Something about him that's rather taking, isn't there? Yet we shot him—to his blank bewilderment. Not for treachery, not for spying, not even for 'frightfulness'—that he could have understood. But because he was our friend, a little too much our friend: because Balkan mentality and British mentality. . . . But I am starting to moralise again.

Stefan was a fisherman. He lived in a lonely dilapidated mud and reed hut on the shore of a big lake with his wife and five children. The eldest, a boy, was sixteen; the youngest two, when the British established themselves in the district.

Furniture the Pavlovitches had none. Their beds were made on the hut's earthen floor, their cooking done in the open air over a wood fire. On Thursdays Stefan fished from his ramshackle old boat, and then on Friday morning, assisted by the family, carried his catch to market, ten kilometres away. Blocking the door of the family mansion with a stone, they would all set out in a straggling procession over the hills, Stefan leading, his wife bearing the baby as well as her full share of the load. In the evening they returned laden with a few purchases and satiated with talk, but Stefan in no wise market-merry. One drink of

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in U.S.A. by Douglas Walsh, 1923.

Mastic, and one only, he allowed himself on these occasions. And he was as kind as he was abstemious. Once, when his wife's heel was sore, he even carried the baby.

The rest of the week was spent in meditating upon the things he had heard on market day, so as to be able to carry on the conversation next Friday, and in mending his nets and growing a little maize for the family bread. Now and then somebody passed, usually on a donkey, and exchanged a few words; but as a general rule it was only once a week on market day that Stefan came into touch with any others of his fellows. It was the same of course for Mrs. Pavlovitch, but that is hardly worth mentioning.

That was his life—dreary, dull and comfortless. Yet that man, who was content to endure this dingy, dirty existence in that dark, insanitary hut had once lived for five years in God's Own Country.

Amazing. Almost unbelievable. Yet it was true, and true of hundreds of others as well. As a boy of eighteen he had emigrated to the States. There for five years he had earned good money, become acquainted with the conveniences of civilisation, saved five hundred dollars, and then, unable to keep away any longer, had returned home, and drifted back to the life his father and mother had lived, the life which at eighteen he had rejected.

One can only marvel at the mysterious magnetism that the patch of dirt on which he was born can exercise upon a man.

No educated nigger ever reverted more completely than Stefan—and, again, in this he was following the rule rather than the exception. In the States he had eaten meat every day: here he ate it once a week. He had made acquaintance with baths, slept between sheets on a mattress, lived with electric light, sat upon chairs, and seen women treated as equals. Now all these wonders were forgotten. He was just a poor, ignorant Macedonian fisherman, who had even forgotten the strange tongue he had picked up. All that he had to show for five years in the land of liberty was a faded photograph of a young man in a collar and a dickey, and the word 'sure.' His mentality was entirely Balkan again, and he was looking forward to the day when Stefan the second, his eldest, would become (who knew?) a comitadji leader, and make a nice comfortable living out of murdering and plundering the villages of the Jews, the Greeks and the Turks. Fishing was good enough for him, but no life for a promising lad like young Stefan.

Then the British came, and Pavlovitch said his word 'sure.'



He was too proud of it to keep it to himself. He couldn't help saying it. That made the British Johnnies think he knew their language; and the family thought he knew it, too, because father had been to America; so father's vanity made him 'play up.'

He would stand there looking wise while an officer's batman or a quartermaster sergeant, scrounging round for the officers' and the sergeants' messes, gassed genially away, misled by that monotonous 'sure' into thinking themselves understood. And they never found him out. He knew what they wanted—there were only three things the British ever wanted—eggs, fish, and rush mats. Mrs. Pavlovitch and the children were kept very busy making reed mats for the Johnnies to put in their tents, and Stefan and his son and heir went out fishing every day the weather permitted.

The Allied front-line lay among the hills about a mile away from the southern shore of the lake, and the Bulgar line was about the same distance from its northern edge, also among the hills. The lake itself and the marshy stretch on either side was No Man's Land.

Pavlovitch liked the British. They paid for their eggs and fish and mats. It was silly of them, but they were like that.

'Never!' he said to his son when the younger Stefan inquired if father thought the British would win the war.

How could they—when they paid an unarmed, lonely fisherman for eggs and fish and mats, and left his daughter, aged fourteen, alone?

## II

The British had more money than the Bulgars. That was why they brought up from Salonica a couple of motor launches and set them to patrol the lake, one by night and one by day.

Stefan at first was very much disturbed about those launches. He feared they would upset the fish.

Now and then the Bulgars fired at them, but not very often, as ammunition was scarce. Now and then, too, the launches fired their machine guns at cavalry patrols on the northern shore. But there was very little firing on either side; the general position was stalemate just then, and that was ever a thinly-held, 'nothing doing' sector for both sides. How could it be otherwise with two

opposing armies sitting among opposite mountains, with a marsh and a lake between them? The main purpose of those launches was to see that the enemy made no use of the lake, to police it, and prevent any communication or spy traffic with Pavlovitch's shore.

The British permitted him to continue to fish, after interviewing him on the subject.

So long as he kept away from the other side, remembered that he was a neutral, and didn't get up to any larks, he could carry on, they told him.

'Sure,' said Stefan.

'Been to America, eh?' said the officer in command of the launch, brushing the services of the interpreter aside.

'Sure,' said Pavlovitch.

'Good. Well, look here. We don't want to interfere with you. See? It's not your war.'

'Sure,' said Pavlovitch.

'You play the game and you'll be all right. Keep out of the way if ever there's any firing going on for your own sake. And if ever you see anything worth reporting or anyone approaches you, you drop me a hint. I'll see you don't lose by it!'

'Sure,' said Pavlovitch. 'Sure, Johnny!'

He knew the proper Macedonian way to address a British officer.

But he had not understood one word since the interpreter had been washed out.

'Poor devil, what a life!' said the officer as he pushed off. 'Living in that hut over there! Speaking English, he may be useful some day. But fancy a chap who's been to America ever coming back to this!'

Pavlovitch, pleased and proud, went on fishing. His was the only boat out. The Bulgars had put a stop to all fishing on their side. He and the British were sharing the lake. All things considered, he rather liked the war. No longer need the family trudge ten kilometres with their catch. The British, a mile away, were always ready to buy it, and pay more than he would get in the local market. Yes, he would be quite sorry when the war ended and the Germans and Bulgars won.

They wouldn't pay much. Not they. Pavlovitch, calling himself a Macedonian, had no love for the Bulgars. They were as bad as the Turks or the Greeks or the Serbs or the Jews.

So pleased was he with the British and the way they paid that he made his eldest son join the muleteers, as the comitadji were temporarily out of fashion during the Allied occupation of the country. The comitadji were all driving mules or breaking stones by the roadside now, and drawing good money for it. Gentlemen who would have cut your throat for the boots on your feet six months ago, now whined for jam as you passed.

Stefan junior having donned British uniform, Pavlovitch went on with his fishing alone, going out every day and sometimes at night. Whenever either of the launches came near they always waved to him cheerily.

'You make much money,' said Mrs. Pavlovitch to him on one occasion.

Not 'we,' observe, but 'you,' though the statement included the price obtained for her eggs and mats.

Her husband grunted wrathfully. It was not often that she forgot herself, but as she had the grace to look ashamed immediately she had said it, Stefan kindly overlooked the indiscretion.

Her remark was correct. For him, he was making quite a lot of money. But he wasn't going to tell a woman anything. What had his money to do with her? How much and where hidden were things that concerned him alone. Such of his wealth as he did not carry on his person he kept buried in a spot known only to himself. It was his money—not hers. She was his, too.

He loved her—at least I think he did. Who shall say what is or is not love? She had borne him five children; she cooked his food, washed and mended his clothes, and shared his bed. He could no more have lived without her than he could have fished without his boat.

That is love, isn't it?

And she—well, she realised how nearly woman's unruly member had earned her a beating, and was ashamed and never mentioned the subject again. He was right. It was not her business how much money he made. Her job in the world was to obey him and work for him and his children. Shapeless, shabby and plain, with lank hair and unwashed face (except on market days), a Western heart is inclined to wring itself with pity for Mrs. Pavlovitch. But ought it to? She was neither happy nor miserable. She did not resent the hardness of her lot or yearn for anything more than Stefan could give her. She was content. And if her life can make a woman content. . . . But that is more moralising.

One evening, just before sundown, while he was out fishing, there arose on the lake a sudden storm. Stefan was alone in his old, unseaworthy boat. The storm was a surprise, as wind storms often are on lakes shut in among the hills in hot countries. It was on him before he had finished getting his lines in, warned by the blotting out of the sun. In five minutes the peaceful waters of the lake became choppy, spiteful, dangerous.

Shelter was clearly indicated. He had the choice between pulling back against wind and water or running with them to the other side. Prudence and laziness decided him on the latter course. All around him the land was hidden in a cloud of dust, and he made up his mind to beach his boat in the dusk on the opposite shore. There would be nobody about. The Bulgars were up in the hills, and anyway they wouldn't trouble about him. On the other side he would settle down by his boat and wait patiently till the weather cleared and the lake grew calmer. These storms were soon over. Then he would fish his way home in the dark and send his wife to sell the catch to the Johnnies in the morning. They ate when they woke—officers and men—these British.

He mused about that as he rowed, helped by the gale. It was a queer thing for them to do. How they *could*—in the early morning—he failed to understand. They were always eating. Four meals a day. Truly the British must be very rich to pay for so much food. Twice a day was enough for him.

For five years he, too, had eaten breakfasts, and, on Saturdays and Sundays, teas. But that had passed completely from his memory. In his atrophied brain those days were now as if they had never been. Otherwise, how could he have lived the life he did?

'Ssst!' came a low, hissing call, and a figure burst through the reeds behind him as he pulled his boat ashore.

It was a brother fisherman, whose home was on this side of the lake, hidden among the reeds some distance away.

'I saw you coming,' he explained. 'Often have I watched you out fishing. Me, I am not permitted to fish!'

Stefan rolled and lit a cigarette.

'I am "good" with the British,' he explained loftily. 'Very good with them, friend Startovitch.'

The other—a grey-headed, beetle-browed man, ragged of dress, with sad eyes and pinched cheeks—shrugged his shoulders.

'The Bulgars have burned my boat,' he said. 'All the boats this side they have burned.'

He spat upon the ground.

Stefan nodded sympathetically.

'They are crows,' he remarked, 'Techk! To burn a man's boat! Much compensation they have paid you, yes?'

Inwardly this humorous effort tickled Startovitch enormously, though outwardly he remained as grave as ever.

'I cannot count the drachmae they gave me,' he answered, for in spite of his misfortunes he, too, was a wit in his way.

Turn and turn about they played with that jest for five long minutes. Humour in Macedonia is as precious a commodity as in some of our revues, a rare refreshing fruit not to be cast aside until the last drop of juice has been squeezed from it. Then, with the wind-storm still raging about them, Stefan began to talk about the British.

Startovitch's eyes shone greedily as he heard of the money they paid—good drachmae—for fish to eat in the mornings and mats in their tents.

'Never once have they kicked me,' boasted Stefan. 'Not one egg have they not paid for. Nor have they even taken my Anna for their officers.'

His colleague sighed. The Bulgars had taken everything from him—his chickens, his pigs, his wife, and his boat. It was the destruction of the latter that he harped on most.

He would be rich now, but for that. They had burned it before his eyes while he wept. Much money, oh, much, much money it would have earned for him. . . . No, not from the fishing. Fancy a Bulgar paying for fish!

He laid his finger along the side of his nose.

Ah, they knew what they were about, those Bulgars. Many of them had no stomach for the fighting. Much money would they gladly have paid to get away. That was why they had destroyed his boat.

'To give themselves up as prisoners to the British?' asked Stefan. 'They would have paid you to row them across?'

Startovitch snorted contemptuously.

Did not everyone know that the British starved and beat their prisoners unmercifully? Had they not maimed and tortured every Bulgarian who had fallen into their hands?

'It is a lie,' said Stefan.

His colleague shrugged his shoulders.

'You are in their pay,' he said. 'It is the truth!'

'It is a lie,' repeated the other. 'Me, I know!'

For a long time they wrangled over the question of how British prisoners were treated, while the rainless storm raged on. The reeds swayed, the waves broke into foam, and the hot, dust-laden wind roared in their ears.

'You say this. I say that!' observed Startovitch, cutting the argument short.

Entirely unconvinced, agreeing to differ, he went on to explain that nobody but a born fool would think of giving himself up to the British. But twenty kilometres from the other side of the lake there was a village where a Bulgarian would be welcome. Could he but reach that haven, a deserter would find himself among men speaking his own tongue, men who would receive him as a brother (provided he could make it worth their while) and quietly absorb him into the community.

Stefan nodded. He understood now why it had been necessary for the Bulgarians to destroy all the boats on their side of the lake. Too many war-weary conscripts with money in their possession would have made that journey and lived in peace and security in that village until the war was over. Deserters could be restrained by lies about the way they would be treated if they gave themselves up. But the only way to keep the faint-hearted and the fed-up from that village was to burn the boats and thank Heaven the lake was too big for them to swim.

To us, of course, the fact that a district should be a patchwork of nationalities, each with its own tongue and its own views on the Balkan Question, is something picturesque and curious. To Stefan it was a commonplace fact. He had always known that scattered through Macedonia, here there is a village where all speak Greek, there one where all speak Turkish and wear the fez; here another where the tongue of the inhabitants is Bulgarian, and there yet another where the speech is Serbian—with Macedonian as a kind of esperanto for them all.

Mainly, of course, it is political chicanery, the peaceful penetration of that cunning, discredited Diplomacy which is supposed to have died on November 11, 1918. If at any time you want to annex a slice of territory, to be able to point to an existing community claiming your nationality and speaking your tongue is a card worth having up your sleeve. . . . But this is worse than moralising. This is Politics.



Stefan, waiting for the storm to subside, understood the situation exactly. This isolated Bulgarian settlement was under Greek government and officially neutral, being outside the district now ruled by the British under Martial Law. A deserter with money in his pocket would find there a home from home and no questions asked. Blood is thicker than water, and *bakshish* would smooth away any little difficulty with the Greeks that might arise.

The wind began to drop, ceasing for a moment and then blowing again in ever-lessening gusts.

'It is sad to lose such a chance,' said Startovitch.

Stefan rolled another cigarette.

'Every night one—two—sometimes three would go if they could,' said Startovitch.

Stefan lit his cigarette.

'You say you are "good" with the British?' murmured Startovitch.

'They have ordered me to keep away from this side,' said Stefan.

'The lake is big, and the nights are dark. They would not see. It is worth thinking of.'

The beetle-browed man spat thoughtfully into the rapidly calming waters.

'Me, I could arrange it so easily. Twenty-five drachmae each for me to bring them to where you were waiting. One—two—sometimes three every night. And for you, fifty drachmae each, just to row them across!'

'No!' Stefan broke in upon his tempting murmuring. 'I am friends with the British. They let me fish. They pay me well. If the launch came up . . .'

'Are you deaf?' said the other. 'The launch is noisy. Would you not hear it coming—plog, plog, plog, plog? There would be ropes trailing over the stern of the boat. The passengers would slip over the side and hang on to the ropes in the dark till the British were gone away. Then they would climb in again.'

'I hate the Bulgars,' said Stefan. 'Me, I am British now!' And he rounded off the declaration of his alliance with his 'Sure!'

'I do not love them!' Once more Startovitch spat in the water. 'I want their money to buy another boat when the war is over.'

He rose from his haunches.

'Talk cannot run on for ever,' he said. 'We are not women.'

To-morrow night I shall be here with the first. Come, or come not as you please.

And without another word he disappeared among the rushes.

Stefan waited a little longer and then rowed home without encountering the launch—forgetting to fish his way back as he had originally planned.

### III

Nor did he fish next morning. He sat in the shade of a tree close by his hovel and thought . . . which was exactly what that cunning Startovitch had meant him to do. Rolling and making cigarettes he thought hard, this man who had been to the States and forgotten, thought painfully with a mentality entirely Balkan.

He didn't want to do it. He was afraid of the British. They wouldn't like it, and they were his friends and his masters. Till the war was over the very land his house rested on was theirs, and all their orders he must obey or be punished by them for disobedience.

Not that he wanted to disobey them. He was on their side now. His son wore a muleteer's khaki, and they had paid him good money and would pay him much more. He loved the British.

And he hated the Bulgars.

There would be fifty drachmae—a hundred perhaps, or it might be even a hundred and fifty—waiting for him to-night on the other side of the lake where the British had forbidden him to go. The same to-morrow and the night after that. . . .

A hundred drachmae, say, a day was a lot of money.

The forbidding was only a little matter.

Startovitch's suggestion was good. A couple of long ropes trailing astern, and how should the British see two men clinging to them in the dark? The launch would pass on.

A fresh cigarette marked the germination of a new idea.

Why not take their money and then hand them over to the British, these hated Bulgars? Then the British would be very pleased with him.

No. That would not do. Only once could he do that. The Bulgars were well served with spies. The fate of those deserters

would become known. An ambush would be waiting for him on the other side. No. That would not do.

A hundred drachmae a day, perhaps a hundred and fifty, was a lot of money to throw away.

Three cigarettes were gloomily smoked and a stone cast at a lizard before the next thought came. But when it did come his eyes brightened and his lips smiled.

Ah! That was a good plan. Why not? Oh, that was a fine thought. He was friends with the British. That would be helping them well. They could not but be pleased with a man who killed their enemies for them, or mind that he was well paid for doing so.

Oh, this was a very fine idea of his. He would go to-night now he had thought of this. He was the clever one, the cunning one when it came to finding a way. Startovitch should not be told. Nobody should be told. Let Startovitch think they had got safely away to the village that was their goal.

Fine, fine, that is what this plan was, and good for his friends the British. These Bulgars, having paid their fares, should be told when well out on the lake that he heard the launch approaching. They would slip into the water and cling in the darkness to the ropes provided, utterly at his mercy. A blow on the head with an oar and the British would have one enemy the less; and he would be fifty drachmae better off—and Startovitch twenty-five.

The only flaw that he could see in his plan was that the passengers would go down with the rest of their money still on them. But that could not be helped. One must not be too greedy. And some of the bodies might come up again. One could look out for them while one was fishing.

It was good to be able to help his friends the British, and better still to think of all the money he would soon be burying in the tin box under the roots of the tree in whose shade he now sat.

If any of the bodies that came up again were missed by him and found by Bulgar or Briton, they would only think some fool of a deserter had tried to swim the lake. If Startovitch found any, he could always say the crow let go of the rope and drowned himself. But he didn't see why any of the bodies *should* ever be seen by anyone else. He would know where to look, and could sink them again for good when he had taken the rest of their money. Some of them would be very rich. Always after to-day there should be a few stones in his boat for ballast.

## IV

The Armenian was a liar and a dog, puffed-up because of the British officer's uniform he wore as an Interpreter.

They told him, through the Armenian, that this high British officer was his 'friend.' It was absurd. It was sinful so to make game of a poor fisherman. They told him, through the Armenian, that this high officer would stand up for him against all the other high officers, and that he could speak to him freely, tell him all. He was his friend—the Prisoner's Friend. It was a trap, of course. They must think him a child to believe anything so silly. And he *had* told them all. There was no more to tell.

Again and again he asked the Armenian, but the dog, dressed in British officer's clothes, denied that they thought him a spy, denied that they wanted his money, and stuck to it that they were angry with him for murdering Bulgars.

He admitted murdering Bulgars.

'Sure,' he said.

How could that be anything but something in his favour?

But the Armenian said he was to be tried by a military court for that, a British court. He asked to be tried by a Macedonian court because there he would have known whom to pay. But they said no. It was their country, under their law while they occupied it.

But it was childish for the Armenian to expect him to believe that the British thought killing Bulgars was a crime. They were there to kill Bulgars themselves.

Besides, if they thought so badly of him, why had they provided his wife and children with food ever since he had been arrested?

The Armenian, instructed by the high officer who pretended to be his friend, said it was the British way. The Armenian said that British justice was impartial, the same for friend and foe alike, that murder was murder, and law and order must be maintained, and of course they couldn't let his wife and children starve. But the Armenian was a liar. All Armenians were.

How was he to know that the Armenian was saying to him what the high officer told him to say?

They translated to him a thing called a Summary of Evidence, writing it down as it was spoken by the Johnny in command of the launch, by another Johnny who had often bought fish and eggs

and swore Pavlovitch knew English perfectly, and by still other Johnnies on the launch when they had trapped him.

It was all very confusing to a poor fisherman.

They invited him to ask questions. They asked him to make a statement. But when he made it, how was he to know the Armenian had translated it correctly? He couldn't have—else the Johnnies would have set him free.

'It's very stupid of you to pretend you can't speak English,' said the high officer, who *would* call himself his friend.

'Sure,' said Pavlovitch, and asked the Armenian what the high officer had said.

'The Court will only be annoyed with you about it,' said the high officer. 'We have the evidence of a dozen men that you understand English quite well. It doesn't help your case a bit to make out you don't. It's just silly obstinacy.'

'Sure,' said Pavlovitch.

Then he explained, through the Armenian, for the fiftieth time, as the high officer seemed annoyed, that it was all a mistake. He had forgotten American, all except 'Sure,' and had only pretended to understand.

'Oh well, it may be true,' said the lieutenant told off to defend him. 'But the Court won't believe it. It will prejudice them. Not that it matters, considering what he's done and how he talks about it! Tell him again about the charge. Try to make him grasp the seriousness of his position!'

The Interpreter obeyed, but failed.

'Sure. I killed them. Eight,' the prisoner boasted in his own tongue. 'Eight Bulgars. Enemies. Me, I am for the British. Fifty drachmae each they paid me, and if the high officer . . .'

The Armenian shook his head. Alas, that it should be so, that sort of thing was no good with the British.

'I say to them,' Stefan continued, "'Quick, I hear the launch! Into the water, into the water!'" And then in the dark I hit them on the head with my oar. So! Sure!' (It was worse than King Charles's head, that word.) 'Two bodies I find again and take their money. Why not? I killed them. They are my enemies! I am for the British.'

The Armenian's eyes glistened.

'For me there will be a little something, yes?' he hinted delicately.

'When I am free,' replied Stefan firmly. Whatever his views on the subject of killing enemies, he was sound enough on bargaining. 'When I am free!' he repeated.

'Stick it!' observed the Prisoner's Friend to the Interpreter. 'He's got to understand, poor devil!'

The Armenian stuck it. He finished by telling the prisoner that he had been caught red-handed in a brutal, mercenary crime. To the British the murder of an enemy was the same as the murder of a friend. Justice was Justice, even in war. So Stefan would probably be shot, and if he were wise he would tell the Armenian where all his money was buried.

But Stefan was not wise.

All this talk was making his head swim. It was such crow's talk. The Armenian must be playing a deep game to get his money. Or else he did not understand the British language at all and was only pretending. . . . Surely even the British could not really regard the murder of an enemy as the same as the murder of a friend?

'He is Macedonian,' explained the Armenian loftily to the high officer (two pips). 'He cannot think like us.'

And then Stefan broke in with, for him, a perfect torrent of angry speech.

'What's that?' asked his Friend.

'He is only poor, ignorant fisherman,' smiled the Interpreter. 'He say now I not understand. He accuse me of telling the lies. He say I want his money. Me. A British officer! He ask for another Interpreter!'

Stefan's Friend frowned. He was getting more than a little fed up with this job. What with the Armenian on one hand, and this obstinate, sullen brute who would pretend he couldn't speak English, and who couldn't, or wouldn't, see that murder was murder, on the other. . . . Oh, well, the blighter was on trial for his life, and the one point on which he and Stefan agreed was in not thinking much of the Armenian.

With great difficulty he obtained permission to borrow another Interpreter from another camp.

The Armenian was rather snifty, but he hanged to the Armenian.

Stefan, his Friend, and the new Interpreter went through it all again. The new Interpreter was a Greek, and he explained the situation most lucidly to the prisoner.

'You were fool to let them catch you. It is what they call British Justice, the same for all alike, all over the world.' A shrug of his shoulders expressed his private opinion of such folly. 'This officer is truly your friend. As you say, he lives in the same mess



as the officer who will prosecute you, the mess that bought your fish. They eat together and play cards at night. But at the Court he will fight for you, though his own Colonel is the Presiding Officer. The British Army is like that.' Once more he shrugged his shoulders. 'It is no good offering money. Not to them. But perhaps a little—to me—who knows? It might help.'

'You get me off. Then I pay,' said Stefan. 'When I am free.'

The new Interpreter sighed.

'You will be shot,' he said calmly. 'They are all so shocked. They do not understand. Yes, you will be shot. But you have a hiding-place, yes? You would like me—your friend—to go to it secretly and give what is there to your wife? I would take only a small commission, a very small commission for saving it from the British!'

'There is no hiding-place,' said Stefan stoutly. 'No hiding-place. But if I were free again, ah, who knows?'

In a sort of grim, bewildered resignation, rather like that of a rabbit in a gin when it has worn itself out with squealing, after that Stefan ceased to protest or to explain.

## V

Came the day of the trial. He was marched into the Court between an armed guard. Dully he stared at the group of high officers gathered together to try him. It was ridiculous that all these great people should be assembled to discuss the doings of one humble fisherman, and that fisherman a friend of their Cause, a slayer of their enemies. But so it was. The one who called himself his Friend was laughing with the one who was to prosecute him. Both interpreters were present.

All the bewildering formalities were explained to him. Every word that passed was interpreted, including the President's stern admonition that it would be wise for him to cease trying to pretend that he knew no English when half a dozen witnesses were prepared to swear to conversations with him in that language.

'Sure,' said Stefan.

The Armenian—dreadfully intelligent and important—here added a few observations on his own account.

'I think he truly not understand, sirs, no,' he explained. 'He back long time from the United States. All forgotten. He say "sure" only by the habit. He tell me so twenty, thirty times, yes. He very frightened. He think . . .'

'Sit down,' said the President sternly.

'I ask that this shall not be allowed to prejudice the Court's attitude to the prisoner,' said his Friend.

'He shall have a fair trial,' snapped the President.

'It may be true, sir, though it is hard for us to believe it. The fact that he could live in the hovel he lived in and lead the life he did, does seem to indicate that he must have forgotten his days in America. I suggest that it is just vanity and force of habit that makes him say "sure".'

'Sure,' said the prisoner himself—and the Court laughed.

'Oh, well,' said the President. 'It is only a small matter, though it will waste a lot of our time having everything interpreted. Let us get on with the case.'

The chief witness was the officer in command of the launch.

In a straightforward way he told his story.

On two occasions he had discovered bodies in the lake in trousers and shirts—and boots. The trousers and the boots were military, and the papers and money on them proved they were Bulgars. At first he had thought them deserters, trying to swim across to give themselves up. Then the madness of anyone attempting such a swim even without his boots had struck him. Also, one had his head staved in, and as there was nothing in the lake as far as he knew for a dead body to strike against, it seemed clear—

The Prisoner's Friend suggested that these two bodies were nothing to do with the case. No charge concerning them was made against the prisoner. He protested against the introduction of irrelevant matters calculated to prejudice the finding of the Court.

'Damned lawyer,' whispered the President to his neighbour, and officially instructed the witness to confine himself to the charge specified.

One night, when cruising, the officer continued, they met the prisoner near the other shore, which he had been forbidden to visit. When challenged, he explained that his boat had drifted. They rebuked him and ordered him to return at once, moving off themselves. But feeling suspicious of what the man was up to, when they had gone a little way the engines were stopped, and the launch hove to. While they were listening for the sound of his oars rowing back, they heard a cry. Thinking something had happened to him, the engines were started and the small search-light they carried switched on. And then, quite distinctly, as they approached, they saw the prisoner standing up in his boat and striking at something in the water with an oar.

A note of indignation crept into the officer's voice. 'It was

a Bulgar deserter, sir. In his struggles the rope to which he was clinging had become twisted round him. As we came alongside the prisoner was endeavouring to free this rope and let the body sink. We got the dead man aboard, and all the prisoner would say was "Sure" when we asked him why he had murdered him. I put him under arrest. I saw no sign of the Bulgar trying to get on board to attack him, sir. It was a most cold-blooded murder, and when I called the prisoner a—a brute, he shrugged his shoulders and said "Sure" again. I had to restrain my men from throwing him overboard, sir. We towed his boat back, and the Interpreter was sent for, and in answer to my questions the prisoner said—'

'Never mind that,' said the prosecutor. 'You didn't caution him, did you?'

'Damned lawyer,' whispered the President again. 'They're both damned lawyers. New Army.'

He glanced at the officer in charge of the defence.

'Any questions?' he inquired briskly.

The Prisoner's Friend shook his head. Tempting though the opportunities for cross-examination were to a professional, it would only be a waste of time in view of the prisoner's own statement in the hands of the Court.

'Beastly dull this military procedure, eh?' he whispered to his opponent.

Strictly according to King's Regulations, with full military, quasi-legal formality the trial continued.

And the prisoner smiled confidently at the Court. He was beginning to feel better at last. Were they not all soldiers? And could soldiers, in spite of what the interpreters had told him, order the shooting of a man for killing the very people they had come out there themselves to kill?

His Friend did his best. He protested when the other side referred to the prisoner's callous disposition. He 'tore up' some of the less important witnesses just for fun, and several times he bamboozled the Court in a way that might have succeeded in the Strand . . . if it hadn't been for the prisoner's own statement. This was read, and then the prisoner proceeded to make the situation even more hopeless by amplifying it through the Interpreter. The officer who had written his statement down had kept him to the point. But now he gleefully proclaimed himself a British friend, and boasted that he had done-in eight of their enemies in this fashion, though the charge only related to one.

'Bloodthirsty brute, ain't he?' whispered the prosecutor. 'Not a bad chap, though. I rather like him!'

'What the dickens am I to say for him?' the defence whispered back. 'Silly ass! Fifty times I've told him not to talk like this! Oh, Lord, hark at him!'

'You'll have to gas about mistaken zeal, other countries other customs,' murmured the opposition. 'That's about all you *can* say in mitigation, isn't it? And, of course, I shall have to tear you up about him taking their money for it, old bean!'

They were both barristers in civil life, and consequently both a little distrusted by the President, a simple soldier.

'The worst of it is, I've seen so much of him, I've got quite fond of him,' growled Pavlovitch's Friend. 'And the beggar's got his own point of view!'

All through, the game was played strictly according to rule, and without a vestige of malice so far as they were concerned. Each scored what points he could, and the speech for the defence was a masterpiece of ready eloquence.

Poor, ignorant fisherman, inhabitant of a district where murder was as prevalent as mosquitoes . . . preyed on by roving bands of comitadji, etc., etc. . . . Mistakenly under the impression that he was assisting Great Britain against her enemies. . . . Half-witted—his brain atrophied by the animal-like existence he led, his life in America forgotten—childishly using the word 'sure' on every occasion . . .

'How d'you spell "atrophied"?' whispered the President to his neighbour. The President had to write things down.

It might be incredible to the Court, but this man really belonged to the Middle Ages, if not to the Stone Age. *Autres temps, autres mœurs* . . .

'What's that mean?' whispered the Junior Member. 'These blighted barristers! Wish he'd shut up. Chap did it all right. He owns to eight himself!'

Wife and family . . . breadwinner . . . son in the British service, wearing British uniform. Not the slightest whisper of treachery, no hint of traffic with spies. Attitude the soul of frankness all through. . . . Wouldn't be doing his duty if he didn't urge the Court to acquit him of the charge of murder. Difficult problem in a state of war to decide what was and what was not murder. Delicate border line. . . . It would be a crime to punish a man whose chief desire was to be of service to the Allied Cause, etc., etc. . . .

Yes, his Friend did what he could for Pavlovitch—and the other side had the last word.

Professionally the opposition made a good job of it.

It was trifling with the intelligence of the Court to ask them to believe that a man who had spent five years in America, etc., etc. . . . Brutal, mercenary murder. . . . A shameless assassin . . . ill-gotten gains. . . . Heaven help the reputation of British Justice and Martial Law if it could ever be said that it would connive at such a cold-blooded murder even of an enemy. . . . Asked the Court to notice that he confined himself strictly to the charge against the prisoner and scorned to make capital out of his own unfortunate admissions. . . . All that could be put forward . . . prisoner's behalf . . . eloquently put forward . . . learned friend. But it was his solemn duty to press for a conviction and the severest penalty of the law as laid down in the King's Regulations. Prisoner had had a fair trial. . . . Court must not allow it to be thought they could countenance such an example of a man taking the war into his own hands. Murder was murder, and this he submitted was murder of the nastiest and most sordid description.

'Glad they've shut up,' said the Junior Member.

'The finding of the Court will be duly promulgated,' announced the President.

Only in the case of an acquittal is the verdict announced at once. When found guilty the sentence has to be confirmed before the accused is informed.

## VI

Right up to the moment when he was led out before the firing party, Stefan could not believe that the British really meant to shoot him. Even when they informed him that the General had confirmed his sentence, he didn't really believe it. No nation, not even the British, could kill a man for killing their enemies.

Then they put the bandage over his eyes, and he knew at last from the air of grim earnestness about the proceedings that they did mean it. It wasn't bluff, or a conspiracy to frighten him into giving up all his money, but a cold, cruel fact.

Not a sound came from his lips, not even 'Sure.' In dumb bewilderment he faced his fate.

His wife wept when they told her—clumsy, scalding tears, the first she had ever shed, absolutely the first.

His son cursed.

None of the family had been near Pavlovitch since his arrest. They had been too much afraid.

The two Interpreters who brought them the news led the son *aside*.

'It is a pity,' the Armenian said. 'You will wish to keep his money, yes?'

'He had no money,' said his son.

'Of course not,' agreed the Greek. 'But the British will search for it—and if it is known at any time that it has been found, it will be confiscated.'

The atmosphere grew weighty with a hint.

Stefan the younger shook his head.

'I know nothing, nothing,' he protested.

'But you can look! You make the search, yes?' murmured the Armenian. 'And when found you will remember your father's friends, who fought to save him, and would weep to see you robbed of his savings—yes? You will not forget them?'

'If we tell the British he had no money, they will believe *us*!' said the Greek.

'British officers!' added the Armenian, patting his tunic.

'How can I find it?' sighed Stefan. 'Would my father place his money where the crows could peck at it? It will never be found now; it is buried for ever!'

The Interpreters went sadly away.

Stefan rushed in to his mother.

As a sort of forlorn hope he asked her a question.

She dried her tears, and pointed towards the tree in whose shade her husband had loved to sit.

It is ever the same. Woman always knows the one thing she is not supposed to know.

'In a tin box,' she said. 'Under the roots.'

Her son seized a spade.

When he looked up with the treasure in his hand the two Interpreters were smiling at him.

What match is a Macedonian for the cunning of a Greek and an Armenian? Stefan sighed as he realised how easily he had been trapped.

He opened the box and gave them twenty-five . . . fifty . . . seventy-five drachmae each not to tell the greedy British, who would otherwise have taken all.

TUR  
be e  
by t  
unca  
on t  
I  
was  
happ  
a co  
in th  
man  
fetis  
scept  
that  
and  
deta  
man  
M  
the  
Gerr  
I  
over  
and  
flies  
'hin  
The  
ther  
eith  
nati  
not  
in t  
I  
him  
Bad



## BLACK MAGIO

BY KENNA QUHAIR

TURNING over the leaves of an old CORNHILL—February 1914, to be exact—I came across a tale entitled ‘The Witch of Kandor,’ by the late Mr. W. H. Adams. The story centred round the uncanny knowledge of the black arts possessed by certain people on the West Coast of Africa.

I remember reading the ‘Witch of Kandor’ at the time it was printed, and felt that it was a jolly good tale, although perhaps divorced from reality. It so happens that I have since spent a considerable time in the West Coast, and was also for a tour in the district of Ashanti, referred to by Mr. Adams. I heard many weird tales of the strange power possessed by witch doctors, fetish priests, and others, but was inclined to treat them with scepticism. However, a little further experience convinced me that some of the natives had considerable knowledge of magnetism and hypnotism, and the following incident, which is true in every detail, save only in necessary changes in names, is only one of many instances which happened under my own observation.

My business in the West Coast of Africa was concerned with the taking over of schools, etc., which had formerly been run by Germans.

I was sitting in my bungalow one evening endeavouring to overtake some arrears of work, but it was difficult concentrating, and it was more interesting to watch the house lizards chasing flies with extraordinary skill and avidity. There was a perpetual ‘hing hing’ of the bats, and the screech of millions of crickets. The surf boomed on the rockbound shore, and from the village there was a constant drumming which had continued for hours—either a marriage or a funeral was being celebrated, and from the native point of view it seemed to be a great success, but it was not conducive to sustained thought. Consequently I was not in the least annoyed when the native pastor was announced.

He was in a highly excited frame of mind, and he had with him two natives, strangers to me, whom he introduced as Mr. Badu and Mr. Mensah.

They were both educated men, and could speak English perfectly well. The pastor and his two friends began gesticulating and speaking at the one time, so that it was quite impossible for me to ascertain what it was all about.

However, one tangible fact emerged, and that was that Mr. Mensah wished to give me £300 to open a school on the Kwahu plateau. He had the £300 with him in new crisp West African notes.

I said to the pastor 'It is very good of you, Mr. Asare, to bring these gentlemen to me, but as you have brought the deputation you may introduce them briefly, and tell me what the business is about, and why Mr. Mensah wishes to give me £300. He is a very welcome visitor.'

Mr. Asare, nothing loth, began a long disquisition on the ways of Providence being strange and past finding out, and I interrupted impatiently, 'Yes, yes, that's all very well, but come to the point.' Mensah, who was a distinctly good-looking native, and a shrewd man of business, with a fine reputation, said it would simplify matters if he would tell his story first.

He was a cocoa buyer, and had been most successful in business; his income ran to thousands per annum. Then, somehow, his luck seemed to turn; he made several bad bargains, and although still wealthy was in greatly reduced circumstances.

He was a member of a Wesleyan Mission and a deeply religious man, as Africans go. He had come to the conclusion that the hand of God was upon him because he had disobeyed God's will.

For several nights in succession he had dreamt that a man, unknown to him, came and tried to sell him a parcel, but he always refused to purchase. With the return of dawn he banished the dream from his memory and went about his business. Nor would he have paid any attention to his dreams had it not been for the fact that this man Badu came to his house and asked him to look at a parcel of quartz stones, which he said came from his plantation on the Kwahu plateau.

Even despite this coincidence, Mensah refused to consider Badu's offer; but he was unable to dismiss the subject from his thoughts, as the same dream returned to him with renewed and ominous persistence.

The phenomenon naturally began to affect his nerves and his judgment. His business acumen forsook him, and he made several exceedingly bad mistakes, until his relatives and friends became alarmed for his sanity.

Finally, in desperation, he sent for Badu, who came along with his parcel once more. It contained a number of quartz stones, some of which gave the impression of possessing gold possibilities. Badu said that his farm on the Kwahu plateau was covered with these stones.

He had been informed by a trusted diviner that his land was of priceless value, because of its gold-mining possibilities. His proposal was that Mensah should come with him to the Kwahu plateau, inspect the land for himself, and, if he were satisfied, to give him £2000 for the concession.

Badu further informed him that he was in serious trouble with his employers. He was the native agent of a large European trading concern, and there was a shortage in his accounts of something like £2000. He had been given three weeks to find the money or to take the consequences. It was in order to meet this deficiency that he was so anxious to dispose of his concession, which was worth many times the price asked.

Mensah retained sufficient business perspicuity to realise that if he could get a concession of land with gold-mining possibilities for £2000, he might become one of the richest men in the Gold Coast. He agreed to visit the concession, and the following morning set off with Badu for the Kwahu plateau.

After trekking for a couple of days they arrived at Badu's village. It was dark by the time their journey was finished, and it was impossible to inspect the ground that night. Mensah retired to rest, but again his slumber was disturbed by perplexing dreams. On this occasion the dream took a new form. He seemed to see an angel from heaven, who warned him that God was very displeased with him as, on many occasions, he had been urged to take the parcel of quartz stones and to pay what the man asked for them, and for the ground from which they came. Instead of obeying the voice of God he had resisted His will. The angel informed him that he was to return at once to the Coast and that he was not to wait on the Kwahu plateau a moment longer.

Mensah awoke from a troubled sleep in a desperate state, he found Badu sleeping as if he were a child. He awoke him and told him his dream, and said that he must return to the Coast, at once. Badu tried to soothe him, said it was a pity to go away without seeing the concession, and urged Mensah to wait until he had satisfied himself that everything was all right. Mensah cried, 'Shall I question God further, after He has shown me the way so clearly?'

Before the dawn they were away, without having seen the concession. Mensah paid the £2000 that Badu owed, and then felt a great peace come over him. Now he was right with God again, and his business would prosper once more.

'That's all very interesting and mysterious,' I said, 'but where does the £300 come in? Why do you wish to give that to me?' Mensah's fine eyes glistened with religious fervour. 'I wish to erect a memorial on the place where God revealed His will to me.'

Throughout the recital Badu had been watching Mensah with queer little shifty eyes, and a grin on his face that somehow irritated me beyond measure. I turned to him. 'And what have you to say for yourself, Mr. Badu?' Badu smirked and said 'There is very little to tell. The Rev. Asare here knows me. He can speak about me. I should like to come back to the old service and be a teacher once more. God has been calling me back for many years, and I have refused to listen. It is because I have refused to listen that there has been this calamity in my accounts. Now God, through His servant, has delivered me. I am free from debt and am no longer in fear of prison, and I wish, out of gratitude, to return to the service for which I was trained.'

There was such an air of Pecksniffian self-righteousness about the rascal that it was a matter of some difficulty to keep from running him out of the room.

'Do you mean to tell me,' I said to Badu, 'that you are going to allow Mensah to pay £2000 for you without security?' Badu did not like the question, but he said he had offered ample security in his concession, and it was still available for Mensah, if he cared to take it.

'Have you given him any document or anything surrendering your concession? Surely, you are not going to take £2000 from the man without giving him something in exchange? I would advise you also not to be too sure that you have escaped from the prison that you so much dread. There must be some enquiry into this before the matter is finally settled.'

Both the Rev. Asare and Mensah interrupted me violently at this. Mensah said he was surprised at me talking like that about a child of God. I had no right to speak about security when it was a matter of following the will of God. If I did not wish the £300, he could take it and give it to some other mission to found a school.

The Rev. Asare said that Mr. Badu was a good man. He was

at one time in the Mission formerly run by the Germans. He was a teacher, but he fell from grace and joined the Government service, and then he fell from grace still further and went into trade. I appreciated very keenly the fine distinction between service in the Mission, in the Government, and in Trade.

Mr. Asare continued, Mr. Badu had repented of his backslidings and wished to resume service with the Mission once more. He hoped that I was not going to allow the £300 to go past the Mission.

Realising that further argument was useless, I counted the money and signed a receipt for £300, and remarked to Mensah, 'I am going to put this money in the bank under a special account, but it will be in your name. I am anxious to save something of your fortune, and when you wake up and find how you have been swindled, you can come to me, and you will at least get your £300 back.'

The three natives were in a state of fierce indignation at my unkind remarks, but I indicated that the interview was at an end, and they retired, each with his own grievance against me.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Mensah came back an entirely changed man. The fanatic glow had departed from his eyes, and he looked more normal, but was still very much excited. The native pastor was also with him, and his first words indicated the real trend of events.

He was extremely apologetic and humble. 'I wish to ask pardon, sir,' he said, 'for my conduct to you. We have found that you were right. Badu has flown, and no one knows where he is. We have learned that he never had a concession on the Kwahu plateau, and the quartz stones, which he said were so valuable, have been pronounced by an expert to be only fit for throwing at Badu.'

Mensah kept saying that he had been swindled, and that he was a ruined man. He had given £2000 of his money to pay the debt of a swindler—at least, he was told he had done so, but he couldn't remember anything about it. He remembered having been at my house before, but couldn't remember what had transpired. He seemed to have been in a dazed condition for weeks. He had heard that he had given me £300, but he did not remember anything about it. He begged of me, if that were true, to give him back the money, because it was all that he had in the world.

It was also found out that the police were after Badu for

a great many other misdemeanours, as he seemed to have been following a career of swindling for some years.

Now arises the question, how was it that he managed to influence Mensah in the way that he did? How was it that he induced Mensah to dream those dreams? As has been stated before, the men were really strangers to each other, until Badu carried his parcel of useless stones to Mensah. It is easier understanding how Badu was able to prey on Mensah on the night that the two of them were together on the Kwahu plateau, although it is difficult to see how he induced Mensah to dream a dream that was so very convenient for his nefarious purposes.

I have laid those facts before many medical men and scientific men on the West Coast, and none of them has ever been able to give a satisfactory explanation. I am not so incredulous now about tales of black magic. Though we have been in contact with native races for hundreds of years, we have never really penetrated into their secrets.

Th  
bee  
Som  
dow  
cot  
cut  
it a  
thei  
  
holl  
Yea  
garo  
as a  
was  
whic  
grou  
East  
East  
the  
new  
and  
feet  
nant  
thro  
Dell  
of th  
East  
  
T  
woo  
vetcl  
trees  
to ti  
ferna  
and  
rose  
F



### THE OLD STONE PIT.

THE garden was made in and about an old stone pit which had been part of a quarry made long ago on the side of a steep hill. Some time after the quarry was abandoned a road was made down the hill through the deserted mounds and hollows, and a cottage was built near the edge of one of the pits on a platform cut out of the side of the hill, with an embanked way leading to it across the pit. The gardeners who lived in the cottage made their garden in these hollows and on the more level ground above.

They added to it year by year pieces taken from adjoining hollows or from the meadows which had bordered the old quarry. Year by year they shaped and re-shaped it, trying to make it the garden of their dreams. Built in this way with their own hands as a labour of love, each part of it as it grew towards perfection was given its own individual name. The hollow of the pit in which the garden was born was named the Dell, while the level ground on either side of the cottage became on the one side the East Garden and on the other the Formal Garden. Above the East Garden at a higher level is the Rose Garden, and beyond it the Spruce Plantation, the Gorse Thicket, and the old and the new Potato Patches. From the East Garden, with its small lawn and old apple tree and tiny moraine, a steep bank—perhaps fifteen feet in vertical height—falls to the dell. Trees and bushes—a remnant of old hedgerows—grow on the bank. This is the Thicket, through which the Winding Path joins the East Garden to the Dell. Near the cottage a bridge, set at a curve across the corner of the Dell, connects the embanked roadway to the cottage with the East Garden; at the other end are ash trees and tall blackthorns.

The plants of the copse come again in spring every year—wood-anemones, lords and ladies, bluebells, stitchwort, the spring vetch, and now and again a purple orchis or a twayblade. Other trees and other plants have been added to the Thicket from time to time: damson and quinces, which are near akin to the thorns; ferns of many kinds, male fern, lady fern, *Lastraea*, hart's-tongue, and *Polystichum*; snowdrop and snowflake, winter aconite, primrose and red campion, wood-buttercup and cuckoo-flower.

Ferns grow luxuriantly in the Thicket. Its slopes are damp

even in summer, for there is, I am sure, a hidden spring. Moss clothes the clayey soil and seedling ferns spring up every year and form of their own accord new pictures.

On the steep side of the Dell opposite to the Thicket we made a chalk bank; we put soil brought from a neighbouring down and made ledges for plants which love the chalk: blood-red crane's-bill from a Yorkshire copse, burnet-rose from a Welsh sand-hill, sweet-scented orchis from a Teesdale river-bank, frog orchis from a Wiltshire down, *Orchis fusca* from a French hedgerow.

On the face of the bank in the Dell which supports the roadway to the cottage we built a rock-garden. The bank used to fall straight down to the level of the bottom of the Dell, but now descends in a gradual slope of limestone ledges of grey rock. For a foundation to this rock-garden we placed a thick layer of stones; above the stones, to preserve a free drainage, we put a layer of rubbish; and then a rich soil of rotting leaves and loam intermixed with more stones and grit, and above all the special soil which each rock-plant loves.

On one side of the lawn in the East Garden is a smaller rock-garden built against the low bank which supports the Rose Garden, and extending across a path below the bank into the nearer edges of the grass. This we built on the principle of a moraine, in part from grit we found on the spot. Two feet or less below the level of lawn is fine grit, just the material we wanted for the moraine, and below the grit a wet rock pavement of limestone, left untouched when the quarrymen abandoned the old workings.

One of the earlier additions to the garden was a hollow, in which we made our Wild Garden. Stone steps lead down into it from the Formal Garden between low walls of sandstone. In the crevices of the walls are the smaller English Ferns, the spleen-worts—*lanceolatum*, *trichomanes*, and *nigrum*, rusty fern, brittle fern, and common polypody. *Adiantum lanceolatum*, which the books call rare, we found in plenty in the hedgebanks of a dusty lane leading down to the shores of Cardigan Bay. Both this spleenwort, and its near kinsman *Adiantum nigrum*, which some say are not easy to please, have grown here for some years, planted as the wall was built between flat pieces of stone. That is the secret of success in wall-planting. Plant always as you lay stone to stone cover the stone with a little soil, lay the fern or plant on the soil, scatter a little more soil on its carefully arranged roots, and lay the next stone on top, and pack the whole tight. Above

all, allow no air spaces between or behind the stones. Never, if you can arrange otherwise, put a plant into a hole in a wall already built. The rusty fern which we brought from an old lime-kiln on a shore of Carmarthen Bay grows happily in the low wall, fed with mortar-rubbish. On the top of the wall common polypody rambles freely, while in the chinks below, primroses and sweet violets, both white and blue, and the barren strawberry, whose small white flowers are pleasant to look upon in early spring, grow and seed themselves as freely as they do in hedgebanks in Yorkshire or in Devon.

The hollow of the Wild Garden falls slowly toward the wood which lies beyond it on the south and west sides. This we acquired piece by piece until to-day the wood is nearly half an acre in extent. Part of the Wild Garden is open to the sun, part is shaded by the nearer trees of the wood. The low walls which line the steps—there are two sets of steps, one on either side—support between them a wide bed, a debatable land between the Formal and the Wild Gardens in which garden plants dispute possession with wild English plants: great ferns, lady fern, and male fern, and clumps of the wild geranium, both *sylvaticum* and *pratense*. The geraniums came from that delightful green lane which runs in Upper Wharfedale from Cray and its wooded waterfalls to Hubberholme and its Norman church; or did they come from that ancient wood under the cliffs of Littondale, where we once found growing in a dark soil in the gloom of great rocks the rare baneberry, *Actaea spicata*? Here also is a colony of heaths: the tall heath, *Erica arborea*, which flowers in December or January, and spreads around the scent of heliotrope; and near it tall bushes of ling from a Durham moor, and more humble patches of white heather which we brought from those pleasant banks which lead up from Haweswater to Smallwater Tarn and the Nan Biel Pass.

On its further side the debatable land falls in a succession of sandstone ledges to the level of a bog-garden made at the bottom of that part of the hollow which is most open to the sun. On one ledge came years ago a self-sown seedling of *Daphne Mezereum*, the pink-flowered form, now growing into a fine bush, while below the Daphne are various treasures, among them a garlic—I am not sure of its name—which we brought from the cliffs of Portland, and *Meum Athamaticum* from a bank beside the upper waters of the Dee above Lake Bala.

Our wild garden is a garden of native plants and ferns. Some

make of a wild garden a place where foreign plants are grown in the manner in which they grow, or are supposed to grow, in their own homes. Our Wild Garden we have tried to reserve for plants native to Britain, which we ourselves have collected. In the course of years strangers have intruded from time to time, some have come uninvited, like *Daphne Mezereum*, others we have introduced ourselves because we thought we had no other place in our garden where they would live so happily. *Daphne*, though uninvited, was a welcome visitor; but *Daphne Mezereum* is a rare native, though this particular plant must be a seedling of a garden plant. Of the other stranger plants which we have ourselves admitted to our Wild Garden, perhaps the most beautiful is an American fern, *Adiantum pedatum*, which was planted, perhaps by chance, low down on a ledge above the bog in a rich deep soil close to the edge of a block of sandstone, and there has flourished exceedingly, and every year sends up dozens, nay hundreds, of delicate graceful fronds resembling, and as beautiful as those of, an exotic maidenhair. Delicate and tender though it looks, the severest winters with ice and snow do it no harm. Christmas and Lenten roses must also be accounted strangers, near akin though they are to the wild hellebores of neighbouring woods and downs; they are happy on the edge of the wood, growing undisturbed in a damp soil of rotting leaves. I have counted on our one plant of Christmas Rose two dozen perfect blooms open and opening at the same time, and have thought, why have we not got a dozen plants like this? I have wondered sometimes whether he who buys plants by the dozen or by the hundred finds as much pleasure in their possession as he who is able to get only one single plant at a time. The latter has more reason to pride himself on his success if his one plant lives and flourishes.

One set of steps in the Wild Garden leads down to a sunk tub placed to receive the rain-water from the roof of the cottage. A pipe hidden by fronds of hart's-tongue—'a dark green file of long dank weeds,' as Coleridge unjustly called them—pours the water down a sloping rock into the pool, from which the overflow passes down a stony channel and, sinking away among the stones, supplies moisture underground to the plants that live in the Bog Garden.

The hollow in the Wild Garden in which the Bog Garden was made was already filled with a deep natural soil of leaf-mould with clay underneath. To form a soil suited to bog plants this

natural soil was taken out to a depth of several feet. At the bottom of the hollow so formed we placed several inches of stones for drainage, and above the stones we laid half-rotten stems and sticks—'stemmaage and stalkage,' to use Miss Mitford's expression—to prevent the drains being clogged; above these we replaced the natural soil mingled with stones, and on top of all added a mixture of leaf-mould and peat, of grit and sand.

The hollow lying on a slope receives not only the overflow of rain-water from the pool, but the natural drainage of the surrounding ground. The water percolates through the stony soil, the clay beneath prevents the moisture passing away quickly, while the natural fall of the ground does not allow the water to become stagnant. In this way we have secured a deep stony soil, quick drainage, and constant moisture, conditions which have pleased both plants and ferns. With us bird's-eye primrose has lived happily for years, and the royal ferns have grown into bushes with fronds nearly six feet long.

*Primula farinosa* or bird's-eye primrose, a native of the north of England, does not like the climate of the south. Like other sub-alpine primulas, its thread-like roots descend in its native haunts to a great depth in the peaty soil in which it delights to live, but at the same time it does not live in water or in a very wet soil. On its own fells it grows on a gravelly slope where there is a constant trickle of running water, or on the bank of a sike or beck, or in a bog among pools of water; but it ever chooses the drier parts, growing often on mounds raised a little above the level of the wet ground. Its roots are damp below, but its rosette of silvery leaves rests on the drier soil above. The Grass of Parnassus, which sometimes grows with it, is more often found in wetter places, while *Saxifraga aizoides*, the companion of both on some English fells, delights in a miry bank beside a rock just above or almost in the water.

All three grow on the surface of our bog, and with them another saxifrage, *stellaris*, which we have found on the same Yorkshire and Durham fells growing in the water on the edge of the smaller rills and sikes. With us *Saxifraga stellaris* is content to live with the others in the bog, placed in a spot where the overflow from the pool reaches it in time of rain, and the moisture is retained by the surrounding stones.

Stones should play a large part in a bog or fern garden. If you cannot secure a constant flow of water, you can by the use of

stone and rock retain part of the moisture which falls on or passes over the surface of the soil.

All native ferns, without exception, enjoy the companionship of stones and rock. If you dig up a fern which has lived for some years among rocks, you will find that the black matted roots descend among them to a great depth. Some ferns love to grow in a soil full of stones, and many bog plants have the same taste. Stones retain the damp, and give ferns and plants the moisture which in the south is necessary to their happiness. It is not easy in any other way to give them the moisture which in the north they have from the more constant rains and mists.

Some ferns love the company of stones more than others. Oak fern and limestone polypody revel in a stony soil; I have found both growing in a heap of stones which seemed to contain no soil to afford them nourishment. Limestone polypody loves to grow in full sunshine on a treeless hill-side with its rhizomes buried far down under a pile of stones. I remember once we found a scree of loose rock on the side of a hill in Upper Wharfedale covered with limestone polypody. We sat down on the scree to dig up a piece of the fern, and had to move rock after rock to find its roots, eighteen inches or two feet below the surface. The slender, fragile stems threaded the mass of stones and carried the green fronds to the light and air, while the matted rhizomes lay close-pressed to the damp rock below. In our Wild Garden limestone polypody grows luxuriantly on a ledge above the bog, its rhizomes covered with layers of loose stones.

Oak fern enjoys also the company of stones, though, like beech fern, you may find it in Yorkshire and in other parts of the country growing in a mat of moss on a damp rock. Oak fern does not love sun like limestone polypody; in full sunshine its fronds wilt and wither. Beech fern has similar likes and dislikes, but we have more often found it growing among long grass and other herbage.

Both oak and beech fern like to ramble over damp surfaces of stone. In our Wild Garden we have found that they enjoy growing on rock under a matted covering of a mossy saxifrage. The saxifrage keeps the stone damp, and its moisture and rotting leaves supply the rhizomes with sufficient nourishment; neither fern seems to be injured in any way by the covering mass of aggressive saxifrage. In the north of England we have found both fern and saxifrage growing not far apart, but I do not



remember that we ever found the two in company in the manner in which they have by accident come to live in our own garden.

All three ferns are happy and contented on rock ledges above the bog, and year by year spread further afield, oak and beech in half-shade, limestone polypody in full sun.

Other English ferns rejoice in the deep soil of our Wild Garden—*Lastraea*, *Polystichum*, *Osmunda*, all grow with a luxuriance common to them in a Devon or Yorkshire glen. One damp hollow is given to *Lastraea*, another to the royal fern, while the hay-scented fern *Lastraea aemula*, one of the most graceful of English ferns, grows happily on the edge of a sandstone ledge next to the lovely *Adiantum pedatum*.

This *Lastraea* we found hanging from the cliffs of a narrow ravine overhung by trees on a steep slope above a shore of Car-marthen Bay. In England it is not a common fern, but in Scotland we have seen it growing by the hundred among moss-covered rocks in the beautiful woods which fringe the shores of Loch Sunart in Ardnamurchan.

Each plant and fern in our Wild Garden has a history of its own. We found each in its own home; we brought them south, and planted them with our own hands in the place where we thought each would be happy in a strange country. Sometimes our hopes were vain. Some plants of the north refuse to live for long in a garden of the south. We have never been able to persuade the English *Gentiana verna* to live in our garden for more than a year or two. Something has been wanting to its happiness. Henry Baines, writing in 1840 in his 'Flora of Yorkshire,' says that '*Gentiana verna* will grow in the open border if planted in a mixture of fresh hazel loam and pebbles, even in the smoke of a city.' Baines lived in York, and perhaps what was true eighty years ago of a city of one of the native counties of the gentian does not apply to a southern garden. We have tried his recipe, but without success. Other plants, companions of this gentian in its English home, grow and flourish in our garden, but not *Gentiana verna*. There is some condition of its northern life we do not know. Is it to be wondered that the northern plant misses in exile the keen cold air of the upland fells, the constant rains and mists, the deep winter snows, which are its portion in its native home in Yorkshire or in Durham? *Gentiana verna* in England grows in a limited area in one or two northern valleys; but its companions in the north, the bird's-eye primrose, the Grass of

Parnassus, the yellow and the star saxifrage, are all found in many places in the north country, under varying conditions of life; this fact would suggest that the four plants I have named are more likely to adapt themselves to a southern climate than is the *Gentiana verna*. Perhaps the gentian misses its own particular soil and rock. I knew once a lover of wild plants who brought home with each plant she collected some of the soil in which the plant grew at home, but I doubt whether in this way you could reproduce the conditions of the gentian's home, or persuade it to be happy in a southern garden. In England I have found *Gentiana verna* growing by becks and rills, sometimes on a steep bank beside a stream in the tufts of coarse grass on the edge of ruts made by grazing cattle, sometimes in the short turf a foot or two above a beck.

The damp-loving orchises, *Orchis latifolia*, *maculata*, and *incarnata*, grow in the Wild Garden among the ferns, and all thrive in the deep soil which suits the *Lastraeas* and the *Osmundas*. They have come to the garden from different parts of Britain—*maculata* from meadows by the Kentish Darent, *latifolia* from damp hollows among Devon and Welsh sandhills, *incarnata* from a hillside in Upper Wharfedale—and all are happy in the Wild Garden. *Orchis ericetorum* we brought once from a heather-covered moor near Loch Morar; but I have not seen it lately in the Wild Garden.

The damp-loving orchises are easy to grow, much easier than those whose home is on chalk downs. Bee and fly and frog and spider we have had for a year or two in the garden; they have flowered once or twice and then vanished. I have found one only of the down-orchises to be easy to grow, the sweet-scented orchis, *Gymnadenia conopsea*; but this is not always an orchis of the chalk. The British floras give its habitat as 'dry or hilly pastures,' but the local floras of the northern counties ascribe it to 'damp and grassy places' or 'damp and dry meadows,' which, so far as the north of England is concerned, is more correct. I know one place in Upper Teesdale where it grows beside a beck on a low sandy bank, which must in that dale of mist and rain be flooded dozens of times a year. The white helleborine has never flowered in our garden, but it is an erratic plant, and comes and goes in a mysterious manner in its native beechwoods. The orchises which belong to the *Epipactis* group are easier to grow. *Epipactis latifolia* has stayed with us for several years, flowering every season, and so has *Epipactis palustris*. The latter in a wild

state is one of the damp-loving orchises, and lives for several months of the year in water. We have found it in several parts of England growing under similar conditions, in wet marshy hollows among the sandhills by the sea. In Devon, in South Wales, and in North Wales there are places where it grows in countless thousands, in hollows which are always damp, and in winter are flooded for many weeks. There it grows amid a tangle of long grass and other herbage, often in company with a prostrate willow. The creeping roots of the orchis are so intermingled with those of the willow, that you have to cut away with care root after root of the willow to extricate the orchis from its matted nest.

*Epipactis palustris* grows with us in the bog, but not so happily as I have seen it growing in other gardens, one a famous Alpine garden, where it grew in a little rill, the other a cottage garden, where a large clump, the offspring of a chance self-sown seedling, grew in an open border; no two habitats could be more different, but in both *Epipactis palustris* was quite at home and bore many flowers.

On two sides of the Wild Garden the ground falls by broad ledges, framed in sandstone, to the level of the bog. On the top-most ledge are colonies of Solomon's Seal, the descendants of a plant brought years ago from a hill-copse in Wiltshire. Solomon's Seal, whether growing wild or in the garden, is a joy at any time of the year. In early spring one rejoices to see its fat grey-brown buds thrusting their pointed heads through a tangle of last year's prostrate stems. As the shoots rise up the brown changes to green, the tight-curved leaves slowly unfurl as the stems rise higher, and the bells open and swing and nod, while the curving stems bend to every movement of the 'inconstant wind.' All the summer through their graceful movements are a continual joy, and even in late autumn, in decay and stripped of leaves, the bare rods are graceful still.

On a ledge above the pool is a plant of cow-berry, which we brought from Upper Teesdale. Its health is shown each spring by its fresh green shoots, but it bears few flowers. We have never seen here the brilliant crimson berries which shone above the dark green leaves when we first saw it on a cliff above the 'tumultuous Tees.' Something is wanting to its happiness. On its native cliff it lived within sight and sound of a rushing river, here there is no sound of falling water, except when rain falls heavily on our cottage roofs and pours down the rocky channel into the pool.

Perhaps, like Macaulay's Jacobite, it pines in exile for its 'lovelier Tees.'

On ledges on the edge of the bog are several plants of *Viola amoena*, the lovely Teesdale pansy. It is worth while in May and June to make the long journey to Teesdale, even for a few days, only to see the glories of the mountain pansies. *Viola lutea* is usually yellow, but in Teesdale it is also white and purple, and the three colours combine in many ways. There is an unnamed pansy which grows in barren fields in Kent which approaches in beauty the Teesdale pansy, but afar off. The latter surpasses all English pansies both in variety and richness of colouring, and in quaintness of form and grace of bearing. It disports itself in so many shades of colour, and is ever quaint and graceful. We have found in a morning's walk through Teesdale pastures two or three dozen differing combinations of colour in the flowers of the mountain pansy.

English ferns, most of them, are easy to grow in a garden, if only you study their native ways of living, and try to give them what you see they like in their own homes. We are lucky to have a Wild Garden naturally well suited to most British ferns, and have been able to grow most of them with success. With two ferns we have failed: filmy fern and sea spleenwort. We have found filmy fern in several places. Once we found it in a small cave on the side of a Welsh mountain near Festiniog, where the delicate tracery of its lace-like fronds covered several square feet of wet rock. We brought a piece of it home and built another cave in miniature in our Wild Garden by the pool, but the fern soon withered and died. We found sea spleenwort on a seaside cliff, and we made a rock wall and planted the fern in a well-devised slit; but again the fern wilted and died. I have known *Asplenium marinum* survive for a year or two in a deep ravine in a southern garden, and even live for some years in a pot in a London drawing-room. Perhaps with a dripping well or waterfall at your command you may be able to grow both filmy fern and sea spleenwort in a southern garden. *Asplenium marinum* used to grow near Dover, and one of the filmy ferns, *Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense*, used to grow on the High Rocks at Tunbridge Wells. But both ferns live at home, where the air is always moist. Filmy fern likes to have water for ever dripping on its fronds. Sea spleenwort, with its thick glossy leaves, is less exacting in its demands, but for complete happiness prefers to live where the salt spray

reaches it at every tide. We have found it on many coasts, and nearly always packed tight in a narrow vertical crevice on the face of a cliff on the sea shore, where its roots were at all times damp, while twice a day its fronds were bathed by the spray from the sea. In the Isle of Man we have found it hanging from the roof of a sea cave on a remote shore below the ancient burying ground of the Kings of Man, with fronds perhaps two feet in length, and there probably the luxuriance of the fern was due to the constant moisture brought to root and frond alike.

Other English ferns are supposed by some to be capricious in their likes and dislikes. We have been told that three of the spleenworts were hard to grow, and that no one could grow parsley fern in a garden. We have never found this difficulty. *Asplenium nigrum* and its near kinsman *lanceolatum* have grown happily in our Wild Garden for many years, planted between flat stones in a low wall which leans against a bank of earth. Both ferns grow wild in walls and hedge-banks, and probably if you searched you would find that the hedge-bank always had a core of stones. *Asplenium viride* requires more care, but has also lived for many years with us below limestone rocks, tucked in comfortably between the lower edge of the stone and a mossy soil. The green spleenwort, delicate and fragile in its loveliness, is much rarer than the other spleenwort *Trichomanes*, which somewhat resembles it, and to-day is rare if not extinct in places where it used to be common. I remember our joy years ago when we came to a boulder-strewn pasture by the side of the River Swale in Yorkshire, where every rock had dozens of this lovely fern nestling between the stone and the short turf. A few years later we went again to the same spot, but not a fern was there. We found a few in another place on a cliff above the river in a spot not easy to be reached by the ordinary tourist, but I dare say that place too has been swept clean to-day by some wandering plant-collector. The green spleenwort likes to live in shade, but not where the sun can never reach it. That is my recollection of the many places both in England and in Scotland in which we have found it, and in our Wild Garden a little sun filters to it through the trees.

Parsley fern, another fern said to be averse to life in a garden, has lived with us for many years, planted near the pool a little above the level of the bog at the foot of the sandstone steps, wedged under pieces of slate in a soil of leaf-mould and loam mixed with chips of slate. Parsley fern enjoys sunshine, but likes moisture

too, above and below. The pool gives the one, and the damp soil and rock the other. We have found parsley fern in many places : on hills near Festiniog in North Wales, on the refuse heaps of quarries on South Barrule in the Isle of Man, on the slopes of glens in Westmorland, on screes above the Tees—in each case growing in full light and sun, but also at the same time on a damp hill-side. Parsley fern does not like limestone, or at any rate prefers another kind of rock. In Upper Teesdale it may grow at times on stone which contains lime, but I fancy its homes there are on basalt ; in the Isle of Man and in Westmorland its rock is slate. In one Westmorland dale not far from Haweswater the sides of the hills are thick-set with parsley fern growing with the Alpine Lady's Mantle, both in this place being as plentiful as any weed. In our Wild Garden *Alchemilla alpina* grows on the edge of the bog with the commoner and coarser *Alchemilla vulgaris*. The silvery foliage and neat cut leaves of the Alpine Lady's Mantle are attractive, but the commoner species has little to recommend it, except the memories it recalls of northern hills. In Teesdale *Alchemilla alpina* is not found either on the Durham or on the Yorkshire side of the Tees—the limestone forbids ; in Yorkshire it grows only in the extreme west, close to the Westmorland boundary, and there lives on slate rock.

Another of the rarer English ferns is happy in our Wild Garden, *Lastraea thelypteris*, the marsh fern, the most graceful perhaps of the *Lastraeas*, a fern which in its wild haunts lives in the wettest bogs, even in the water itself. With us it is in a hollow to which flows much of the drainage of the Wild Garden, in a deep soil of peat, leaf-mould, and loam. Here several years ago we planted a little piece of the fern brought from a wet hillside above a Welsh tarn ; or did it come from the centre of a black quagmire in a copse in Kent ? In a year or two the morsel we had planted grew to be a great mass of graceful waving fronds ; in another year the centre of the mass vanished ; *Lastraea thelypteris* had decided its new home was to its liking, and setting out to take fuller possession was creeping far afield on the damp black soil, eager to annex more and more of the surrounding territory. Planted on wet mud, the rhizomes of the marsh fern creep exposed, but on a soil which is merely damp crawl out of sight below the surface.

Moonwort also grows in the drier part of the bog. We brought it and adder's-tongue from Upper Teesdale, where moonwort grew in an upland pasture beside a rill, adder's-tongue in a neighbouring



meadow beside a beck. We once found moonwort in a strange habitat, on low sandhills close to the sea in a little bay near Loch Morar.

On a low bank between the Wild Garden and the wood in early spring, when few plants are moving, wood-sorrel pushes its tender leaves through the brown and russet of decaying ferns. This is the rarer form, with pink flowers, which grows in some woods in Kent. Wood-sorrel with white flowers is lovely—'wood-sorrel with its bright thin leaves heart-shaped and triple-folded'—but with pink petals it is a much lovelier flower. It is ever shy in unfolding either flower or leaf—'Sleeping Beauty,' they call it in Dorsetshire, and the name is apt. The hot touch of an ardent sun is needed to awake it fully. No faint heat of a March sun will tempt it to disclose all its loveliness. Sunshine must come in drifts like snow—to adapt a phrase of Mrs. Browning's—to persuade it to throw open all its lovely petals to the treacherous air of spring. But if you chance to be there when pink wood-sorrel has opened all its cloud of rosy petals to the sun you will cry aloud with joy at the exceeding beauty of the picture.

With the wood-sorrel is another plant of Kentish coppices, yellow archangel, which, like the pink wood-sorrel, is worthy of admission to any sort of garden. Its season of flower follows close on the heels of its companion, and with its close-packed spikes of light-yellow flowers is a fit successor to the lowlier plant.

In the hollow where the *Lastraeas* live are marsh marigolds and globe buttercups, English globe buttercups from Teesdale, where the two grow together in long drifts in the wetter meadows. It is proper that the *Lastraeas* should grow with the globe buttercups in our garden, for I have found them in Teesdale growing in company in the ditches of a fir plantation, great plants larger than I have ever seen in a meadow.

In our bog we have another less common sort of marsh marigold, *Caltha minor* the books call it, which differs a good deal from the common King-cup. It comes up a month later—this may be a reminiscence of its native way of life, as we found it in Upper Wharfedale growing by a rill perhaps fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and there the spring is at least a month later than in the south. When it first appears its leaves lie close-pressed to the ground, and are a darker green than those of the common form; when full grown they become deeply toothed. Its flowers are smaller, growing on stiffer and more upright stems and as

a rule grow singly. It seeds itself freely on the bog, and the seedlings come true to type.

One of the treasures of our Wild Garden is the baneberry, *Acaeta spicata*. We have found it only once in an ancient wood high up on the steep side of a Yorkshire dale, a tributary dale to Wharfedale. We rejoiced when we found it there, because the local flora did not say that it grew in this particular wood. Its home was in the shadow of a limestone cliff which over-topped the trees, in a deep damp soil of rotting leaves in the shelter of boulders among great ferns, *Lastraeas* and *Polystichums*. Its black elder-like berries—it was autumn when we found it—were drooping to the ground. In the Wild Garden it has borne both flowers and fruit.

You should not admit to a small wild garden some English plants, however lovely and charming they may appear to you when you see them by themselves in their own homes. The golden saxifrage is a cheerful plant in early spring, with its fresh green leaves and yellow flowers, but its clinging shoots crawl apace over damp earth and rock, and smother other plants more precious and more rare.

The damp surface of a bog-garden draws to it plants from all the rest of the garden. Seeds germinate as if by magic in the wet grit. The common forget-me-not arrives in hundreds. Larger plants, columbines, foxgloves, campanulas, soon follow. Any common bog plant you introduce seeds itself everywhere. Ragged Robin, common but lovely in every marshy meadow, once rashly introduced unchecked takes the whole of the bog garden for its children. Water-avens, whether brought from a Wiltshire copse or in a slightly differing form from a Scotch hill-burn, is only less aggressive.

A small foreigner, *Saxifraga cymbalaria*, enlivens the surface of the bog in summer with delicate leaves and tiny but bright yellow flowers; though an annual it seeds itself freely on a damp surface, and undisturbed would cover the whole bog in a couple of summers. A grey-leaved mossy saxifrage—a form of *Saxifraga hypnoides*—brought from a mountain near Harlech was so aggressive at the edge of the bog that we were forced to move it to a distant bank to fight for its life with the yellow mimulus.

Each flower and fern in our Wild Garden recalls happy days in other years, days spent by 'sweet-winding Tees,' by 'wood embowered Wharfe,' and by many another river and beck and

burn of northern England or of Scotland or of Wales. They recall tramps over northern moorlands, scrambles up cliff-waterfalls, or cautious passages across treacherous scree and slopes of slippery grass. That bit of *Saxifraga oppositifolia* flowering so cheerily in spite of a cold March wind we found high up on a Yorkshire mountain after a long tramp through knee-deep heather; that bit of cat's ear came from a rock terrace fifteen hundred feet above Loch Morar,

‘Morar of the silver sands  
And the blue, blue sea’;

that little fern, an uncommon variety of the black spleenwort which, when we first saw it, we vainly thought to be the rare *Trichomanes Radicans*, we espied in the gloomy recesses of a deserted mine—opening on the shores of Cardigan Bay.

It is well to be content with one's successes, and not grieve over-much for one's failures. It is well to be content that this rare and lovely plant or fern brought from a Yorkshire fell or from a Welsh mountain has lived happily for a few years, and not lament over-much because that other treasured find, torn perhaps rashly, perhaps unkindly from its native home, has died untimely in its enforced exile.

You cannot easily reproduce in your cottage garden of the south the conditions which clothe the banks of a Teesdale dale with the rosy sheen of *Primula farinosa* any more than you can bring to your garden the ‘brown murmuring water’ of a mountain beck with its sandy shores dotted with the ‘pale stars’ of the Grass of Parnassus.

You can but give your wild treasures all the thought of which you are capable. Plants respond to the love bestowed on them; it may be only because love begets care, or it may be because love affects plants as it does man or beast. If animals respond to the love of their owners, why not also plants? Plants are affected by heat and cold, by alcohol and drugs, much in the same way as are men and women. Can you not carry the analogy further? A garden tended by those who love flowers is better and more beautiful than one to which no love is given. Is it only because love breeds care and forethought? Is it fanciful to suggest that the reason lies deeper? Is it possible that plants are affected, moved by the love devoted to them by human beings? Perhaps Landor had this fancy in mind, when in one of his

'Imaginary Conversations' he made Godiva say, 'This is the month of roses: they and all other sweet herbs, I know not why, seem to greet me wherever I look at them, as though they knew and expected me. Surely they cannot feel that I am fond of them?' It is true, Leofric's answer to his wife is, 'O light, laughing simpleton!' but perhaps Godiva rather than Leofric was expressing Landor's own belief. Elsewhere Landor has this:

'I never pluck't the rose: the violet's head  
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank  
And not reproach't me; the ever sacred cup  
Of the pure lily hath between my hands  
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.'

Perhaps Landor's tender dealings with flowers were due to his sympathy with the idea expressed in the words of Godiva.

An earlier poet who loved flowers was more prosaic. George Herbert wrote:

'Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,  
Fit, while ye lived, for smell and ornament,  
And after death for cures.'

His affection did not forbid the study of an apothecary's herbal, nor the thought of the uses to which the 'dear flowers' might be put after their dissolution.

*And, if I believed more strongly than I do that plants were moved by the love of man, my heart-strings might be torn too much when forced to weed the garden beds, and to give my flowers to the bonfire or the rubbish heap.*

EDWARD G. BOX.

## THE DIVERSIONS OF DAWSON.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE.

### BOOK II. NED GRIMES, DECK HAND.

#### I.—THE WRECKER OF ST. MICHAEL'S ALLEY.

IN the 'Concise Oxford Dictionary,' under the good old word 'Wrecker,' may be found the following adequate definition: 'Man who tries from shore to bring about shipwreck with a view to profiting by wreckage.' I am content to accept this definition, for, though the compilers of the Dictionary had my forbears of naughty Devon in their spectacles, their words fit precisely the actions and intentions of Mr. Robert Bonnefant, merchant and shipowner, of St. Michael's Alley. He was a man who tried from the shore—St. Michael's Alley abutting upon Cornhill—to bring about shipwreck—the casting away of the *Willing Maid*—with a view to profiting—out of the excessive insurance money—by wreckage.

There is no more honourable society in the world than the membership of Lloyd's, among whom is preserved untarnished the refined gold of utmost good faith towards one another and towards those others who have occasion to seek their services. Except in the sterile hearts of men like unto Robert Bonnefant the trust that *Lloyd's gives begets trust in return*. And because I have lived among the honest men of Lloyd's, and have tested them and loved them, I conspired very joyously with Dawson and with Ned Grimes (deck hand) and with my young friend Matthew Jubb so that we might haply bring to his appointed place—which is Dartmoor Prison—the wrecker of St. Michael's Alley. It was a deed which yielded me much comfort for my small part in it, and especially for what resulted from it. For not only did it change the apparel of Robert Bonnefant from fine black to rough prison grey, but also it brought my young friend Matthew Jubb and his brave wife to a little haven of their own—after the penniless separation which these cruel days had forced upon them—and so fulfilled the law of love. These good ends we achieved, labouring strenuously together.

Matthew Jubb had served through the war in the khaki of a

temporary lieutenant of Royal Marines. At Eastney while in training he had gained the friendship of a son of mine who, though encased in the regular service blue, had surprisingly perceived that merit could reside in a miserable temporary. My Big Peter and Mat Jubb worked together and played together, wasted their substance together at Brewers, and honoured me with their joint company whenever I journeyed down to Southsea and broke in upon them.

Mat Jubb was a simple soul. He had not a scrap of that unearthly wisdom which emanates like an aura from Big Peter and causes me to feel in his presence as if I were his very young and inexperienced brother. Mat was just a jolly boy then, and is just a jolly boy now, though he has tasted of the bitter waters of life. When, one morning last year, he came to my office in Whitehall and told me of the wife whom he had married on the splendid insufficiency of a war gratuity, of his sore hunt for fruitful employment, of his engagement with Mr. Robert Bonnefant, and of his experiences with that villainous personage, then my old heart went out to him as had Big Peter's young heart many years before, and I vowed that I would devise some sure means for his disentanglement.

Mat, when he told me of his improvident marriage, perceived the lengthening of my elderly face, and became eager to establish in my eyes a conviction of his worldly prudence. 'You may think, sir, that a man ought not to marry before he has learned how to keep himself; that he should not seek to support two when he does not know how to support one. It looks like that now. But when I was demobbed I was quite rich, and Nell was rich too. With my savings of pay and my gratuity I had four hundred solid pounds, and she had about fifty a year of her own and a hundred and twenty in War Savings certificates. We were simply rolling. She had had a rotten time as a V.A.D. She is an artist, properly trained at the Slade, but gave it all up to go nursing—like the rest of them. I thought I could get a job in an office at three or four hundred a year, and that she would make two or three hundred more out of pictures and things. With this and our savings we should have been on velvet. We were both about the same age, twenty-five, and there didn't seem anything to wait for. So we went off the deep end and spent a gorgeous honeymoon at Bridport Harbour. It was worth the risk to have had that honeymoon.'

'Bridport Harbour!' cried I—'the West Dorset Arms?'

'Yes, sir. We had the front rooms overlooking the Basin and

the sea. Whenever we get fixed up again properly I shall take the dear girl down there again and have a second honeymoon. But it won't be quite like the first.'

'No, it never is,' said I. 'But it may be a damned good imitation. What happened after your first honeymoon?'

'We spent my gratuity. I thought that I had four hundred solid pounds, and that they would give me a year to turn round in. They were just paper, Treasury notes, and withered up as if I had thrown them on the fire. We had to pay three pounds a week for two furnished rooms in Chelsea, and my poor savings were gone in six months. I don't say that we were particularly careful. One does not get married every day, and one's wife needs to have some fun after the filthy years of the war. We had a lot of fun, but it only lasted six months.'

'What happened then?'

'That was early in 1920, when, as you know, the prices of everything were at their highest and beastliest. Every profiteer was out to plunder poor helpless incapables like Nell and me. I took stock, sir, of the situation in our rooms at Chelsea, she sitting beside me while I figured it all out. I had set aside her own War Savings certificates and her own little income of fifty pounds a year—she is an orphan. I wouldn't touch that, and wouldn't let her touch it. She could spend the income, but the capital must not be touched. At the very worst it stood between her and starvation. We figured out that we could not go on living together.'

I pictured to myself those poor young things, who had just begun to taste of life after being smothered for four and a quarter of their best years in the mud and blood of war, their splendid youth robbed and cheated of the joys which were its heritage: I pictured to myself those poor young things seated in their hired lodgings at Chelsea and coming to the conclusion that they could not live together any more. Mat Jubb went on.

'That was early in 1920; it is now May in 1922. For two years we have been separated, and we shall never, never be able to make up for those two years. Even if we could have a home of our own now and should live to celebrate our golden wedding, we can never make up for those two years. We talked over the whole situation very carefully and quietly. She is a brave girl, Nell; she did not grouse or cry. All she said was "So there won't be any Abe Lincoln now."'

'I see,' I murmured. 'She could not help saying that.'



'No. We had planned if I got a decent job and things looked fairly safe to have a boy of our own. It was always a boy we talked about. We called him Abe Lincoln. That dream went west with all the rest when we could not go on living together any more.'

I broke in and chattered of other things, just to create a diversion. Presently he smiled and resumed his narrative.

'That was two years ago. Nell easily got a resident job in a girls' school to teach drawing and French. She has Slade certificates, and had lived for three years in France before the war. Oh, she is competent enough. She can keep herself. It is I who cannot keep her, though she is my wife. If it were the other way about—if she were the husband and I the wife—we should never have needed to separate. She gets a hundred a year and saves it all; I have never touched a penny of it. I have made her buy more War Savings certificates. One can never tell when she may want them badly.'

'And you?' I asked gently.

'Most of the time I have been private chauffeur to a couple of war profiteers. They are frightful outsiders, of course. They made their money out of a battery of grocers' shops, but I've never met people kinder or more considerate. They were proud of having what they called a gentleman in their service. The Old Man—he was really not much over fifty, though he seemed fat and old: not like our young golfers of fifty—worshipped our public schools as only those do who have never belonged to one of them. My record at Winchester knocked him flat when I applied for the motor-driving job. I played for the old shop at both cricket and football. The Missis—this is what the Old Man always called her—once invited Nell down, during her summer holidays, and made us stay together with them as guests in their country house. It was most awfully kind of the old dears, but I wouldn't allow the visit to be repeated. It was too dangerous. One must not play with life. We had agreed to separate and must stay separate until we could set up a proper home of our own.'

'But surely,' said I, 'you meet your wife when she has her holidays and you get your time off?'

'Yes,' said he. 'We do. But we don't go away together. It is better not. It would only make us the more unhappy.'

He was silent again for some minutes, and then suddenly resumed.

'Three months ago I became a clerk in the office of Robert

Bonnefant and Company, merchants and shipowners, St. Michael's Alley, London. Personally I was extremely comfortable and well paid as motor driver to my jolly old war profiteers. They did not stint me for anything, kept me in private as well as in official clothes, tipped me heavily whenever they could invent an excuse, and behaved generally as those beings whom they would have called Hangels. I loved them both. They made almost a son of me, and would have made a daughter of Nell; but I couldn't stay with them any longer. A motor-driving job leads to nothing; what I hunger for is a home of my own. So that, when I saw an advertisement in *The Times* that a public school man and ex-officer was wanted in a shipping office, I applied and sent a photo of my beautiful face. I just took the chance, for if I could get a City job it might lead to something safe and regular. I thought that if Nell and I could between us run to a little house, say at Golder's Green, with a bit of garden, we might be able to buy it by instalments. I could go up to the City every day by the Tube; the house would be snug for Nell to draw and paint in, and the garden in summer . . .

'Would be just right for Abe Lincoln to play in,' I interpolated.

Mat Jubb cocked an eye at me and smiled. 'Big Peter always did say that for a father you were quite a decent old bean,' said he.

'So you got the job.'

'I got the job—in rather a queer way. There was no answer to my application for two or three weeks, and I had given the thing up. Then, when one morning I had driven my boss down to the City to see his broker—he loved to talk about "his broker" as if he owned the man—and was driving round and round waiting for him—there are not many places in the City where one can park a big car—I passed St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. On the spur of the moment, I pulled up at the kerb, called a boy to mind the car, and marched down the flagstones of the alley. I found Robert Bonnefant's office and demanded to see him at once. You will think of me as a chauffeur in private service, but my appearance was deceptive. I was willing to wear whatever my employer considered proper to the job—livery had no horrors for me—but as a fact I never did wear it. My bosses considered the costume of a "gentleman owner-driver to be more *comme il faut*"—that was their expression, not mine—so that when I marched into the Bonnefant office there was nothing about me to indicate that I was not the owner of the Rolls-Royce which awaited my return in Cornhill. Bonnefant looked up as I was

shown in ; he had my card in his hand—fancy a chauffeur with a card ! “Mr. Matthew Jubb,” said he. “I seem to recall the name.” I explained that I had replied to his advertisement, but that he had not condescended to reply to my letter. “Civility costs nothing,” I said, “though it buys a good deal.” I spoke to him haughtily, with the tone of a Prussian officer. He was the type of man with whom one must bully or be bullied. “You look prosperous for a clerk,” observed he. “I am exceedingly prosperous,” said I. “If you look sideways from that window you may see the bonnet of the Rolls-Royce in which I drove up.” It was characteristic of him that he did not believe me ; he looked, saw the car, and returned to his desk. “Is that car yours ?” he inquired. I said that it was not, yet that I used it whenever I thought fit. I had friends of vast wealth. It is always useful in the City to be thought to have friends of vast wealth. He was impressed, summoned a clerk, and turned up my letter of application. He read of all my accomplishments. “Winchester,” he murmured, “cricket and football, served in R.M.A., won Military Cross, speaks French and German.—Do you know anything about shipping ?” he snapped out. “Not the first thing,” replied I serenely. “But I can learn.” Finally he asked me to come and see him again on the following morning, and so dismissed me. To me it seemed that the interview was unfruitful. I was really an absurd applicant. Bonnefant could have got in ten minutes a score of clerks more competent than I, though perhaps they would not have been so nearly what he wanted. The next day he simply asked if I could come at once, and offered me six pounds a week as pay. I accepted, sent a wire to Nell, and broke the news of my departure to the beloved profiteers. They forced a hundred pounds upon me, and made me promise to come to them if ever I were in difficulties. Though they misplaced their aitches habitually, and the old fellow would eat with a knife—until tactfully checked by his butler—they were both of them the dearest of dears. God send us more profiteers if they are like those two.’

‘What did Bonnefant want you for ? I rather fancy that I can guess.’

‘Maybe. I didn’t for quite a long while, a couple of months. From the first I treated him as if he had been my dog, and he cringed at me. It was amazing. I came the drill sergeant over him, and he kissed my swagger cane. He had me taught the ways of the office. He was a broker who bought and sold ships, and some-

times ran them himself. He must have made a lot of money in the war and just after it, but the slump caught him in 'twenty and made, I fancy, rather a mess of his speculations. He had me taken round to the insurance brokers' offices and introduced to them. He might want me to place insurances, he said.'

'Just so,' I remarked. 'What Bonnefant was buying with his six pounds a week was your honourable record and guileless manner.'

'I must have seemed to him no small slouch of an ass,' went on Mat Jubb frankly. 'Whatever traps he set for me I tumbled into heels over head. Before I had been six weeks in the office I had made friends with several brokers, members of Lloyd's, and was placing here and there small risks on Bonnefant's account. They were accepted willingly enough, for Bonnefant had done big business for years. He was known to have lost money recently, but was looked upon as straight. Then bit by bit Bonnefant gave me instructions, here a little and there a little, to insure the hull and cargo of the *Willing Maid*. "Spread them about," said he. "We mustn't put all our eggs in one basket. Go to —, and —, and —; take out their clerks, and don't stint your entertainment allowance." He gave me what I cared to ask for in repayment of lunches to my friends among the brokers. I suspected nothing and did them and myself fairly handsomely. "It is ground bait," said Bonnefant — "the custom of the City." It was a pleasant custom for me. Acting on instructions, I divided the hull of the *Willing Maid* among three brokers, and the cargo—heavy iron stuff—among three others. Then I began to cover disbursements, and freights, and profits, and loss of charter, and other obscure contingencies of which I understood nothing. All these risks were spread and spread. One evening in my rooms in Chelsea—where I had gone after I left my profiteers: they were not those in which Nell and I had lived—I totted up as well as I could remember all the insurances that I had placed. The total astonished me. Still I knew that steamers and cargo ran into big money. The next day I looked up in the firm's books the cost of the *Willing Maid* and all that had been spent upon her. Then . . . I began to ask questions. Last night I lay sleepless in my bed thinking what to do, and I thought of you. You are Big Peter's father; you understand the ways of the City—you can advise me.'

'Let us have the figures,' said I quietly.

He pulled out a slip of paper and spoke as follows:

'The *Willing Maid* is an iron steamer built just twenty years

ago. Bonnefant bought her in 1919 for £7500. She is unclassified, but passed the survey last autumn for British coasting service. She has been chartered to leave London this day week, to go to Glasgow, and thence to ship railway material to Waterford in Ireland. I need not go into the cargo insurances, for they are not at risk until the vessel leaves Glasgow, and I do not think that she will ever arrive there. Upon the hull I have placed, all risks, £16,000. On the same hull, total loss only, I have sprinkled around among the brokers £15,000. Upon premiums I have insured £2600, on disbursements £2100, on voyage freight £1200, on freight for twelve months £2300, on stores £1000, and on loss of charter £26,000. No one broker has taken very much, but that is what I have let the lot of them in for.'

'Bless your honest face!' said I. 'Our Bonnefant has found you good value at six pounds a week.'

'But what are we to do?' cried Mat Jubb rather wildly. 'Here is a steamer which in 1919 cost £7500. All the legitimate outlays upon her don't amount to more than £3000. Yet if the *Willing Maid* goes to the bottom between London and Glasgow, my friends, whom I have been the instrument in deceiving, will have to pay—he totted up the figures with the help of a pencil and my blotting pad—they will have to pay no less than £66,200.' He glared at me. 'Sixty-six thousand two hundred pounds! And all my fault for being such a boob.'

'What should you do if I were not here to help you?' I asked, for I was curious to test him.

'I should go to Bonnefant, chuck up my job, beat his head on the floor, and then go round and warn all my friends the brokers to cancel their policies.'

I laughed. 'Effective, perhaps, yet rather crude. That procedure, young Mat, won't help you to the cottage and Nell and those other expensive joys of life which you have in contemplation. We will do better than that.' I reached for my telephone.

'What are you going to do?'

'Dawson is at a loose end just now. This is the very job which he will love. We have to set you upon your feet and Bonnefant in gaol. The conspiracy of justice shall begin to-morrow at eleven precisely.'

William Dawson was not happy. He had returned to New Scotland Yard after the lamentable demise of Mr. Cholmondeley

Jones, and had found the official atmosphere cold and unsympathetic. His superiors did not allow him to forget that though in his pocket reposed a free pardon signed by the Secretary of State, yet in their eyes he was no better than a branded convict. He had, it is true, done great work at Andorra, but in the doing he had nearly blown the roof off the Yard. The heads of his chiefs still felt loose upon their necks; at any instant Crutchley, bereft of his plunder and raging for vengeance, might break out of his French prison and expose in the popular and exultant Press their scandalous triflings with the majesty of English Justice. Uneasy lies the head that wears a policeman's helmet. So, to appease their apprehensive consciences, they took what they could out of Dawson. It was all his fault: he was the serpent who had beguiled their official innocence.

It was at this melancholy juncture that the wrecker of St. Michael's Alley, an obscene god from the machine, broke into Dawson's life and mine. After young Mat Jubb had left me in possession of his most welcome story I got busy on my telephone, appointed Dawson to come and see me at ten-thirty the next morning, and pushed effrontery to the point of inviting his chief, the Assistant Commissioner, to dine with me at our Club that same evening. I could not make use of Dawson until I had squared his superior officer. 'No, thanks,' replied the A.C. truculently. 'You are not a man with whom I care to be seen consorting in a public place.' I observed, with a truculence as rasping as his own, that a club was not a public place, and, secondly, that if he did not obey my summons the skies would fall upon his guilty head. 'Let justice be done,' I roared over the patient 'phone. 'Justice!' he shrieked. 'It is a word to blister your guilty tongue.' Then I heard him laugh, and presently he accepted my invitation. We met as old friends, smiling kindly upon one another, and after dinner I explained to the Assistant Commissioner why I wanted for an indefinite period the untrammelled use of Dawson's services. He rudely questioned the purity of my motives—at the Tyburn Club we anticipate in mutual criticism the frankness of the Day of Judgment—but so soon as I had explained to his dullness precisely what Mr. Robert Bonnefant would be at, and how I purposed to add a black-coated wrecker to the Yard's collection of eminent criminals, the Assistant Commissioner warmed towards me. 'Your Bonnefant,' said he, 'has the makings of a pretty rogue, and your young friend Jubb looks like an innocent accomplice. I say "looks



like" as at present advised; he and Bonnefant may be standing in together to share the boodle. What part in the comedy have you allotted to our Dawson? I explained that in our conspiracy we must have the support of the Law: a not too pedantic or scrupulous Law, the sort of Law which Dawson personified so conspicuously. 'All right,' said the A.C. 'You may have Dawson. And if you bring off the capture red-handed of this amiable Mr. Bonnefant we will forgive Dawson the episode of Cholmondeley Jones—that is,' he added uneasily, 'until Crutchley turns up again to plague us. I tell you, I wake up in the night watches and turn cold when I think of that damned Crutchley. We ought to have chucked him, chains and all, into the harbour at Le Havre. Every day and in every way we, police officers, are hampered by the confounded Law.'

'It does not seem to hamper you very seriously,' said I grimly.

It was upon ground thus well prepared that at ten-thirty the following morning I met William Dawson. Mat Jubb was due at eleven, and I wanted half an hour to allow of Dawson becoming firmly seized of the facts. He was a 'quick study.' For some minutes I spouted figures over him as from a hose; he gasped, struggling for breath.

'Steady!' cried he, his eye no longer dull with real and fancied woes. 'All this is familiar ground for you, but new to me. Let me see if I understand. This Bonnefant's ship, the *Willing Maid*, is worth to him about £10,500—what it cost and what he has spent upon it. He has insured it, all risks, for £16,000, and for £15,000 total loss only. So, apart from all those other mysterious insurances, if the *Willing Maid* is agreeable to her name and goes to the bottom, Bonnefant will collect £31,000. How can that be? When I had a fire in my cottage at Acacia Villas, the company assessed the damage and paid me just that. How can Bonnefant get more than he actually loses?'

I sighed. It is so difficult to explain the technique of a business to those who don't know the language.

'Listen to me, Dawson,' said I. 'At Lloyd's, and among the marine insurance companies which cluster about its aged flanks, there are two kinds of policies. There is the legal contract which can be enforced in the Courts, and there is the "honour" policy which can't be enforced, though it is regarded most religiously as a liability of honour. Bonnefant's insurance of £16,000, all risks, on the hull of the *Willing Maid* is a legally enforceable contract; the value is excessive, yet it has been accepted. But the £15,000, total loss



only, is an "honour" policy, void in Law, yet as good as, or even better security than, a lawful contract because it has behind it the impeccable *uberrima fides* of Lloyd's.'

'What is that?'

'That, Dawson, is a brand of good faith much more exalted than the *bona fides* which you displayed as a fugitive from justice in your relations with Crutchley. *Uberrima fides* means the very toppest kind of *fides* known to mankind. It is the *fides* of Lloyd's.'

'But not, apparently, that of Bonnefant,' snapped Dawson.

'That remark shows, my good Dawson, that you have grasped the weakness of Bonnefant's position. So long as his own *fides* was *uberrima* Lloyd's would see him through, whatever might be the amount of the "honour" policies which he had taken out in connexion with his steamer. But good faith is double-barrelled; it is like the love of man and woman. Both sides must play the game or the umpire clears the pitch. If we can take such measures as demonstrate to the underwriters that Bonnefant has had no *fides* at all—that he has been out to swindle them—then their obligation in honour to pay his policies will be discharged. In that case, Dawson, they will tell him, most properly, to go to blazes. We may then hope that with some small assistance from us he will both go to blazes and to quod.'

At this stage in our preliminary proceedings Mat Jubb arrived.

'I have read a lot about you,' cried Mat, shaking hands with Dawson. 'Your Boswell here has done you proud.'

'So, so,' assented Dawson, rather ungraciously I thought. 'He put in more about himself than I should have done.'

'There is a new development,' cried young Mat—'a surprising one. Last evening, before I left the office, Bonnefant sent for me. I was very short and snuffy. I have wiped my boots on him from the first, and now that he is more or less in my power I treat him worse than ever. But the more I rasp his temper the smoother it becomes. "Jubb," said he, "I shall be greatly obliged if you would do me a favour, at some cost of inconvenience to yourself." I softened a bit at this speech; one can't keep up the haughty business when a man talks decently like that. "What d'you want?" I growled. Then he lowered his voice so that no one in the office could hear, and asked if I would mind taking passage in the *Willing Maid* to Glasgow as his confidential representative. The steamer, he admitted, was rather heavily insured, considering the lowness of her original cost, but he expected to make a lot of money out of her and must fully protect his own interests. He was

bound, he said, to hand her over to the charterers in Glasgow in good condition, and he wanted me to do the handing over on his behalf. I was puzzled, for it seemed to my ignorance that if Bonnefant had intended, as we suspected, to throw the vessel away between London and Glasgow, he would scarcely put on board one like myself who could bear witness against him later on. So, not answering *Yes or No*, I temporised until I could consult with you. What does it all mean, sir ?

‘It means,’ said I, ‘that Bonnefant is a much shrewder man than we have hitherto allowed for. I am beginning to respect him. He knows that a Board of Trade wreck inquiry will follow the loss of the *Willing Maid*, and that all these details of the insurances, all the sixty-odd thousand of them, will be proved in evidence. Against the presumption that he was deeply interested in the loss what will he have in the form of rebutting evidence ? Nothing but the more than dubious oaths of the skipper and officers whom he has bribed to scuttle the ship, and the unconvincing corroboration of ignorant deck hands. He needs badly a credible witness to his good faith, and he has cast you for the part. You know nothing whatever of the running of a steamer : the *Willing Maid* could be sunk under your feet in fifty ways of which you would have no suspicion ; but your unblemished record and your innocent mug would carry some weight with a Wreck Commissioner. It would be plausibly contended by eminent Counsel that no shipowner, deliberately plotting to cast away his ship, would put on board of her a man like you who under no temptation of cash would consent to be a party to the fraud. You are designed to be the living witness to the *uberrima fides* of our Robert Bonnefant, and at six pounds a week you will have been dirt cheap. There is another point of which I have but just now perceived the significance. Did you not also insure the cargo of railway material which will not be at risk until after the *Willing Maid* reaches Glasgow ?’

‘I did,’ replied Mat Jubb—‘for £12,500.’

‘Observe the wily game of the great man Bonnefant,’ I proceeded, beginning to enjoy the sound of my own voice. ‘He had no occasion whatever to insure the cargo. It is not his ; it belongs to the charterers. In the ordinary course they would have covered it through their own brokers. If the full truth were revealed—which rarely happens even at wreck inquiries—you would find that Bonnefant suggested to the charterers that he should save them trouble by covering the cargo at the same time that he placed the hull and other risks. There will not be a line of writing to com-

promise him. The effect on the mind of the Wreck Commissioner will be another presumption that Bonnefant anticipated the safe arrival of the *Willing Maid* in Glasgow. It will be no easy job to prove the existence of a plot to throw away the vessel. There is nothing at present to go upon except the excessive insurances, which in themselves prove nothing. Lloyd's in these hard after-war days is hungry for business and accepts these "honour" total-loss risks without looking very closely into them—though in a case like this one they would not have plunged quite so deeply had you not, young Jubb, spread the risks so widely and looked so charmingly innocent.'

Mat Jubb did not look charmingly innocent as he sat there in my office scowling blackly at thoughts of Bonnefant's ingenious villainy. He saw himself entangled as an accomplice or laughed at as a fool, and did not relish the one prospect more than the other.

'I shall pull out at once,' declared he. 'I will chuck up Bonnefant, tell him just what I think of him, and warn the brokers to get clear before the *Willing Maid* sails. There is nothing else to be done.'

'Pardon me,' broke in Dawson. 'I represent the Law, and you will please take your instructions from me. At present I must tell you, Mr. Jubb, you rest under grave suspicion of being a partner in a conspiracy to commit a felony, the casting away of the *Willing Maid*, and that you will not find it a simple matter to clear yourself. You will please put yourself entirely in my hands.'

Jubb glared at the Chief Inspector, the blood mounting to his cheeks. 'Suspicion! What do you mean by suspicion? Am I not doing my utmost to expose the conspiracy?'

'You will have to do a great deal more before I, at any rate, am satisfied that you are half so prettily innocent as you look. If you would put yourself straight with the Law you will sail in the *Willing Maid* as the representative of her owner and do implicitly in all things precisely what I tell you.'

'And if not?' snapped Jubb hotly.

Dawson took a paper from his pocket and threw it across the table to Jubb. It was a warrant for his arrest! 'Before coming here this morning,' said he calmly, 'I discussed with the Assistant Commissioner the disclosures which were made to him last night by our friend here. We agreed that quick action might be necessary. I have authority to arrest both you and Bonnefant and to search your office for papers relating to an alleged conspiracy to throw away the *Willing Maid*. If you move a foot to warn Bonnefant

of our suspicions I shall secure your silence in a manner which we should both regret. Now you know precisely how you stand. Now, young man, are you going to help the Law or defy the Law? Take time. I am in no hurry.'

Even I, who know Dawson's rapid and ruthless methods, felt slightly shocked. It all seemed so brutally unnecessary. And yet, upon reflection, one could perceive some justification from the point of view of Scotland Yard. They had no assurance, as I had, of Mat Jubb's innocence. To them he was in the dirty business up to the neck, and must cleanse himself completely if he were to be acquitted. Dawson, with the assent of his chief, meant to make use of Jubb as a police tool and spy, and to frighten him, if need be, into subservience to their will. He was already frightened: I could see that.

'What do you wish me to do?' he asked, after trying to catch my carefully averted eye.

'That is better,' said Dawson, speaking more gently. 'I do not really suspect you, Mr. Jubb. I believe that you have been a mere tool of this man Bonnefant, but I cannot take the risk of acting upon my belief. I must treat you exactly as if you were a fellow-conspirator of his who had elected to give King's evidence. It may sound unpleasant to your delicate ears, but that is exactly what you look like to the eyes of the police. As a King's witness we are going to use you. You will return to Bonnefant's office and accept his proposal that you should sail from the Pool on Monday in the *Willing Maid*. Since she has no passenger licence you will sign on as anything you please, steward or third mate. You will watch keenly for anything in the least suspicious in the conduct of the skipper, the mates, or the engineers. Bonnefant will have told them that you are little better than an idiot, so that they may give themselves away, even to your ignorant eyes. You will carefully note down every day whatever you think of importance, whether you understand it or not. Listen, without appearing to listen, to any conversations between the officers I have mentioned. Talk to the men of the crew, though the chances are all against their being in the secret. A man like Bonnefant takes as few as may be into his confidence when he wants to make fifty thousand pounds out of Lloyd's. You will consider yourself from this moment in the service of the police.'

'But,' stammered poor Jubb, 'I am in Mr. Bonnefant's pay. I cannot possibly be a spy upon a man whose money I put in my pocket. I must resign first.'

'You will do nothing of the sort,' said Dawson sternly. 'You must carry on exactly as if you had suspected nothing and told us nothing. Don't you come the honour of Winchester and of Eastney over me, young fellow. Please bear in mind that I have been a Captain, during the war, of Red Marines—the Light Infantry, and not those Blue blighters of Artillery—and that I am your superior officer. If a Captain and an O.B.E. does not know what is due to the honour of the Service, who does, I ask? You will do as you are told, and remember all the time that there is a warrant out against you, and that it will be only by grace of Captain William Dawson, O.B.E., if you escape being put into the dock beside your employer Bonnefant. Now run along and get busy. You will sail in the *Willing Maid* on Monday or sleep in a prison cell. Yew berry fides may be all right for Lloyd's, but Scotland Yard has no use for it.'

'Mat,' I said, as kindly as I could, 'you must do as Dawson orders. It is a mean job that he requires of you, but you must go through with it. Most of us, and I myself among the others, did worse things during the war in the service of our country. If it comforts you at all, bear in mind that what you are about to do will bring you nearer to your heart's desire.'

'Nell would be ashamed to hear of it,' he murmured.

'She would be more ashamed to hear of your arrest,' grunted Dawson. 'It is the one or the other.'

Jubb arose and left us with his head held high. I could see that his fingers itched to tear out Dawson's throat, and that his almost filial affection for my poor self had wilted. We were, it must be allowed, treating him disgustingly.

'Now, Dawson,' I growled, when he had gone, 'I hope that you are pleased. For my part I feel a perfect beast. He is too honest a lad to be fouled in this police fashion.'

'I am with you,' cried Dawson. 'It is dirty work. But what would you have? This is a most serious business, and we must give away no chances. A great many ships have been thrown away during this slump for the sake of their insurance, and we have just got to put the fear of God and of the Old Bailey, which is worse, into wreckers like yon Bonnefant. My chief saw last night the President of the Board of Trade, and together they agreed to do everything possible to catch Bonnefant red-handed. I have full powers, and the Treasury of England behind me. Dawson is on his mettle this time, and is going to break every law that there is if they stand between him and Bonnefant's conviction.'

'I should have thought that you had had a sore lesson already in law-breaking,' said I nastily.

'Maybe, but this time I carry a full indemnity. I sent young Jubb away because I did not want him to know that he will not be the only police spy to sail in the *Willing Maid*. We are going to put a man of our own aboard of her as one of the crew, and I have already chosen the man.'

'How can you do that? Police officers are not trained sailors, and anyone who is not a sailor will be spotted at once.'

'We have every kind of expert in our service,' said he calmly. 'And one of them has already been detailed and instructed for this duty. He will sign on to-day. And if there be no vacancy one will be created. I will dope one of the regular hands myself, and put my officer aboard in his place at the last moment. It will be a pleasant little party on board the *Willing Maid* as she rolls down Channel: the skipper, and some of the officers maybe, worrying how they may earn Bonnefant's pay and scuttle the poor innocent ship; Jubb, still furious and shamed, torn between his public-school honour and the terror of being charged as Bonnefant's accomplice; my man—a very good man too—dirty and seemingly incapable, yet bristling with eyes and tingling with knowledge of the innards of a steamship. They won't be able to monkey with the engines, tinker the steering gear, or put a hand to the bilge valves but my man will see them do it and understand why they do it. And all the while I shall be at hand, ready to jump in when wanted.'

'But how?' I inquired, my curiosity excited. 'You could shadow the ship easily enough in a fast motor boat, but you could not do it and escape being seen and suspected.'

'I shan't tell even you how I am going to do it. After I have done my jobs I talk more than a bit. But while they are being done I am as silent as a dumb parrot. You will know all soon enough—at the wreck inquiry.'

'So you are not going to stop the ship from being wrecked?'

'Bless your simple heart, no. We shall give Bonnefant and his accomplices every chance to bring the wreck off. And they won't ever know that the job hasn't been a success until—until the underwriters refuse to pay. I have kept Jubb's list, and I am going to tell the underwriters all about the game the day before the *Willing Maid* sails.'

(To be continued.)



## LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE Editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is first opened.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 4.

'Well worthy to be magnified are they  
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took  
A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,  
And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay.'

1. 'Immortal gods, I crave no — ;  
I pray for no man but myself.'
2. 'I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,  
And greet thee morn and even in the skies.'
3. 'The words of fire that from his pen  
Were flung upon the fervid page,  
Still move, still shake the hearts of men,  
Amid a cold and coward age.'
4. '—has acquired more fame than all the officers  
last war, who were not Generals.'
5. 'For three bright nymphs the wily wizzard burns ;—  
Three bright-eyed nymphs requite his flame by turns.'
6. 'I turn away mine eyes  
For ever from you. See, the stake is ready  
And I am ready too.'
7. 'Our earth, 'tis known,  
Rests on a tortoise, — as this stone.'

Acrostic No. 2, 'Palace Prison': 61 correct answers were received, and 66 incorrect. There was also a correct one, from Bath, without any pseudonym.

Nearly every answer was correct in the fourth and fifth lights, and the first and last did not present much difficulty; 'Ardour,' from Gray, gave a good deal of trouble, and 'Anger' was a favourite shot.

The first answer that was opened proved to be correct ; it was from 'Centipede,' Miss Ruth Hedger, The Vicarage, Coxwold, Yorks, and she wins the monthly prize of books.

## ANSWER TO No. 3

1.	T	ritemiu	S
2.	H	ephziba	H
3.	E	lcay	A
4.	L	ochie	L
5.	A	ngel	O
6.	D	eligh	T
7.	Y	ounges	T

POEM : Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*.

## LIGHTS :

1. Whittier, *The Gift of Tritemius*.
2. Macaulay, *Essays*. Southey's Edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*.
3. Moore, *Lalla Rookh*. *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*.
4. Campbell, *Lochie's Warning*.
5. Poe, *Al Aaraaf*, Part II.
6. Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, cii.
7. Pope, *Imitations of Horace*. *The First Epistle of the First Book*.

## RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed above 'Book Notes' opposite.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back. References (if sent), questions, or comments should be on another paper.
5. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
6. Answers to Acrostic No. 4 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than June 20.

The second series of Literary Acrostics will begin in the next number.

